IronWatch

OCTOBER 2016 | ISSUE 50

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome back to another issue of the IRONWATCH Magazine. While we have a ton of great content in store for you this month, I wanted to briefly touch base on some exciting developments regarding the magazine as a whole.

Recently, we got in contact with Matt Gilbert at Mantic; they wanted us to make sure the Star-Struck City print-on-demand version wasn't infringing on the Kings of War IP, and so we're currently in the works to obtain an official license for the print-on-demand game! This will also apply to the print-on-demand copies of IRONWATCH as well, but the royalty costs shouldn't increase the cost per issue by more than a dollar or two, and will allow Ironwatch to become licensed officially as well.

Lastly, we're redoubling our efforts to get an IRONWATCH Annual out before the end of this month; we've made a ton of recent breakthroughs, and combined with previous work, this should be available very shortly. Following that will be working with IRONWATCH Games' Quarantine and Mawbeast Madness to work to get those released as well.

Whether you're a first-time reader, or a longtime veteran, thanks again for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Corrections: We unfortunately have missed out on having Loic Boudoya's name in the Contributor list for several issues; very sorry about that, Loic!

Contact us and submit articles at:
ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com

If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!

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Marauder Dreadball Team by Matt Gilbert

THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have :

- Cedric Boudoya, and his incredible jobs on the basic and resin Legendary Dungeon Saga heroes and monsters.
- Loic Boudoya, and his stellar job on a battle-worn Deadzone Enforcer Strider.
- Marcel Popik, and his fantastic group of Deadzone Enforcer Pathfinders and their trusty D.O.G. Drone.

Keep tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to **ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com**.

Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!

Goblin Standard Bearer by Claudia Zuminich

CEDRIC BOUDOYA

CEDRIC BOUDOYA

CEDRIC BOUDOYA

CEDRIC BOUDOYA

CEDRIC BOUDOYA

LOIC BOUDOYA

Hi everybody,

Here are some pictures of my enforcer strider SEN-19. I decided to give him a name because of the amount of work it gave me.

I wanted it with an articulated cockpit glass. I have to say that I didn't feel ready to paint the original one and knew that this Strider was going to be a big challenge!

I cut the original front cockpit in order to save only the glass. I used a heat cutter to take off all the rear part of the cockpit to get the good glass thickness. At this step, the glass was still in grey plastic.

Next, I made a mold and casted my custom piece in transparent resin to reproduce a glass part.

LOIC BOUDOYA

The cast surface wasn't smooth so I painted it a coat of gloss varnish to give a glass effect.

Articulation was done with a little metallic axis on the top of the miniature made from a paper clip.

I pushed myself next to make a small conversion to the hands and set some magnets to fit the gun on the back of the Strider.

I finally painted the miniatures...with a little bit of fast freehand for the enforcer logo on the shoulder pad and knee pad.

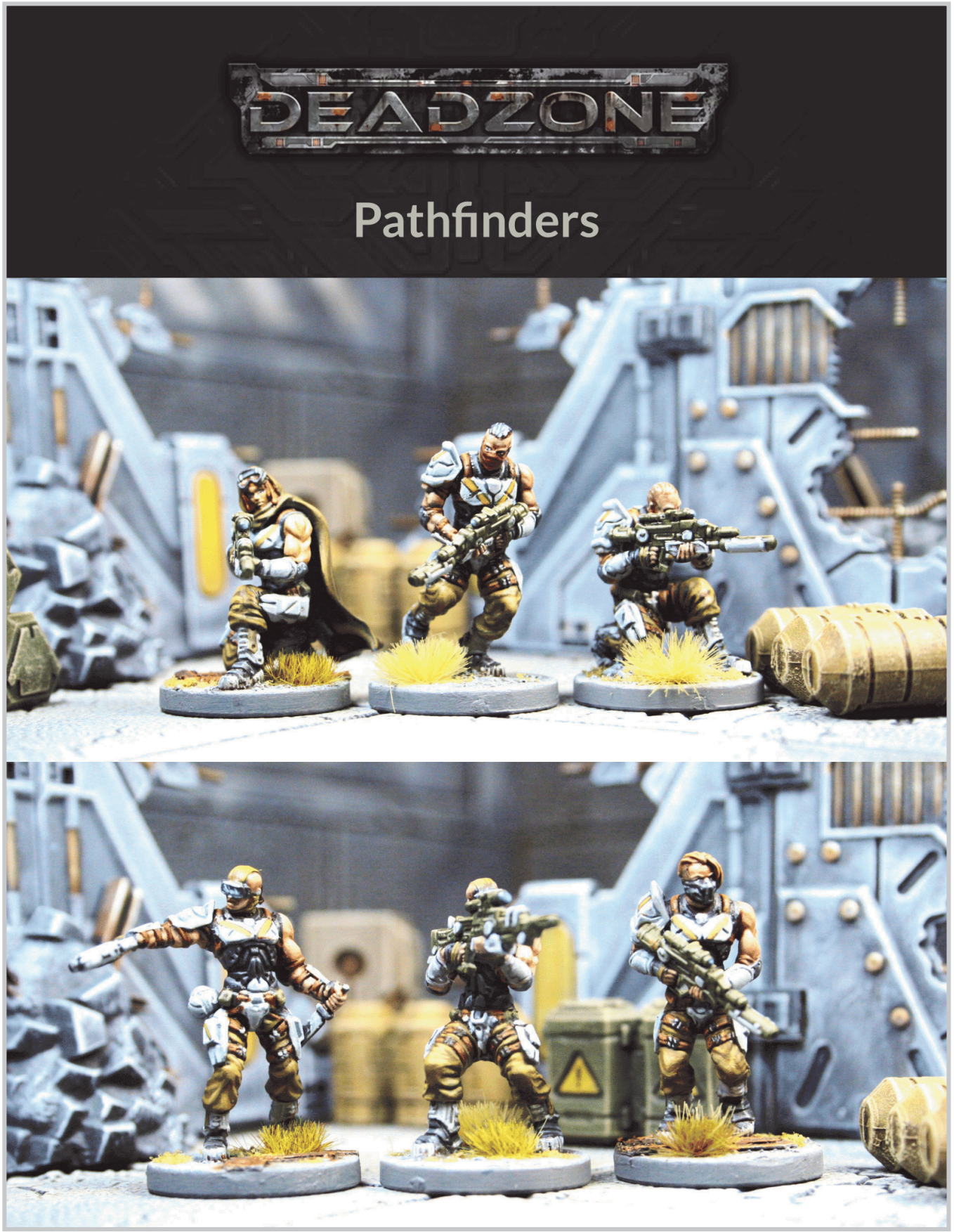
LOIC BOUDOYA

I hope you like the work on this Strider.

Thanks!

LOIC BOUDOYA

MARCEL POPIK



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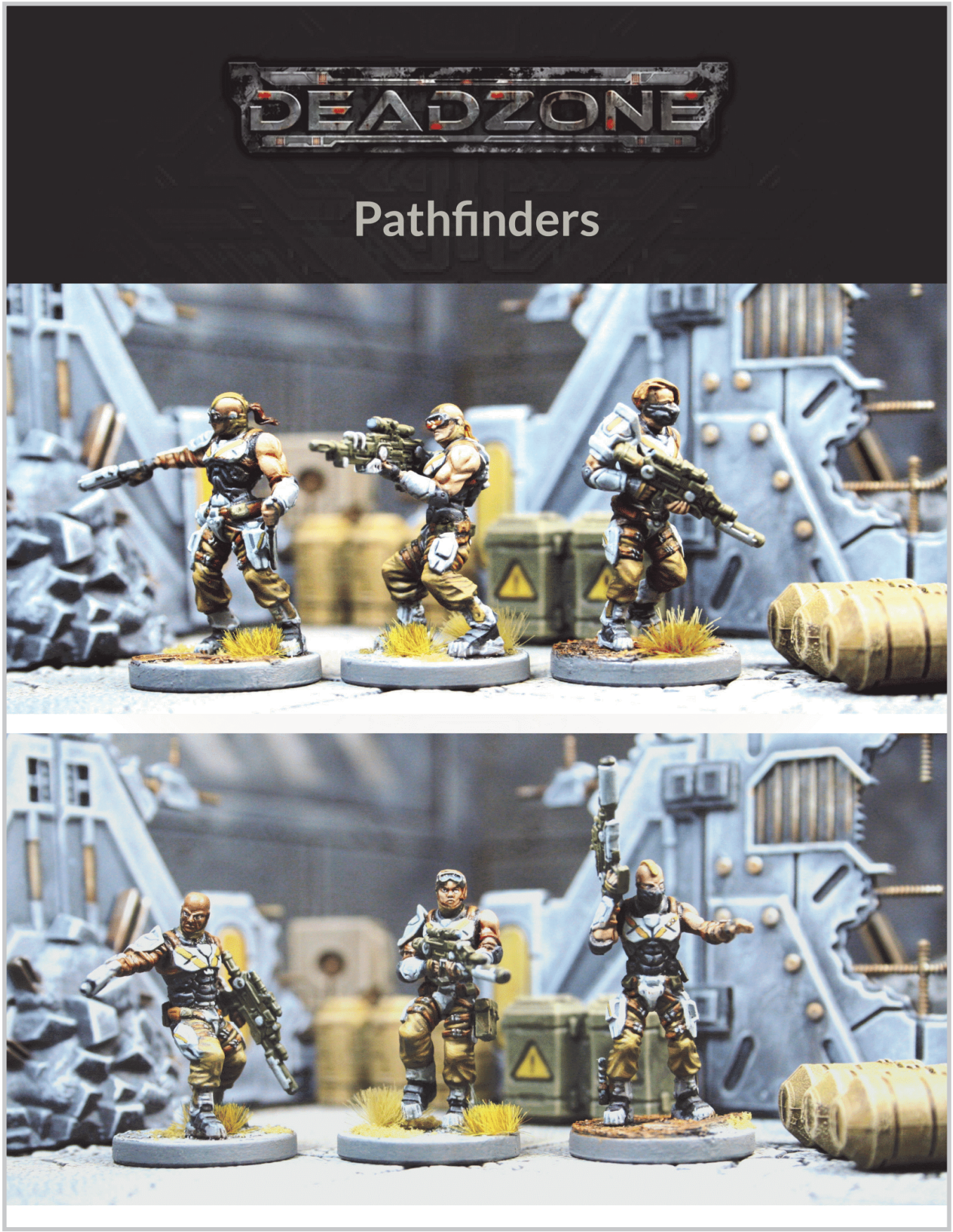

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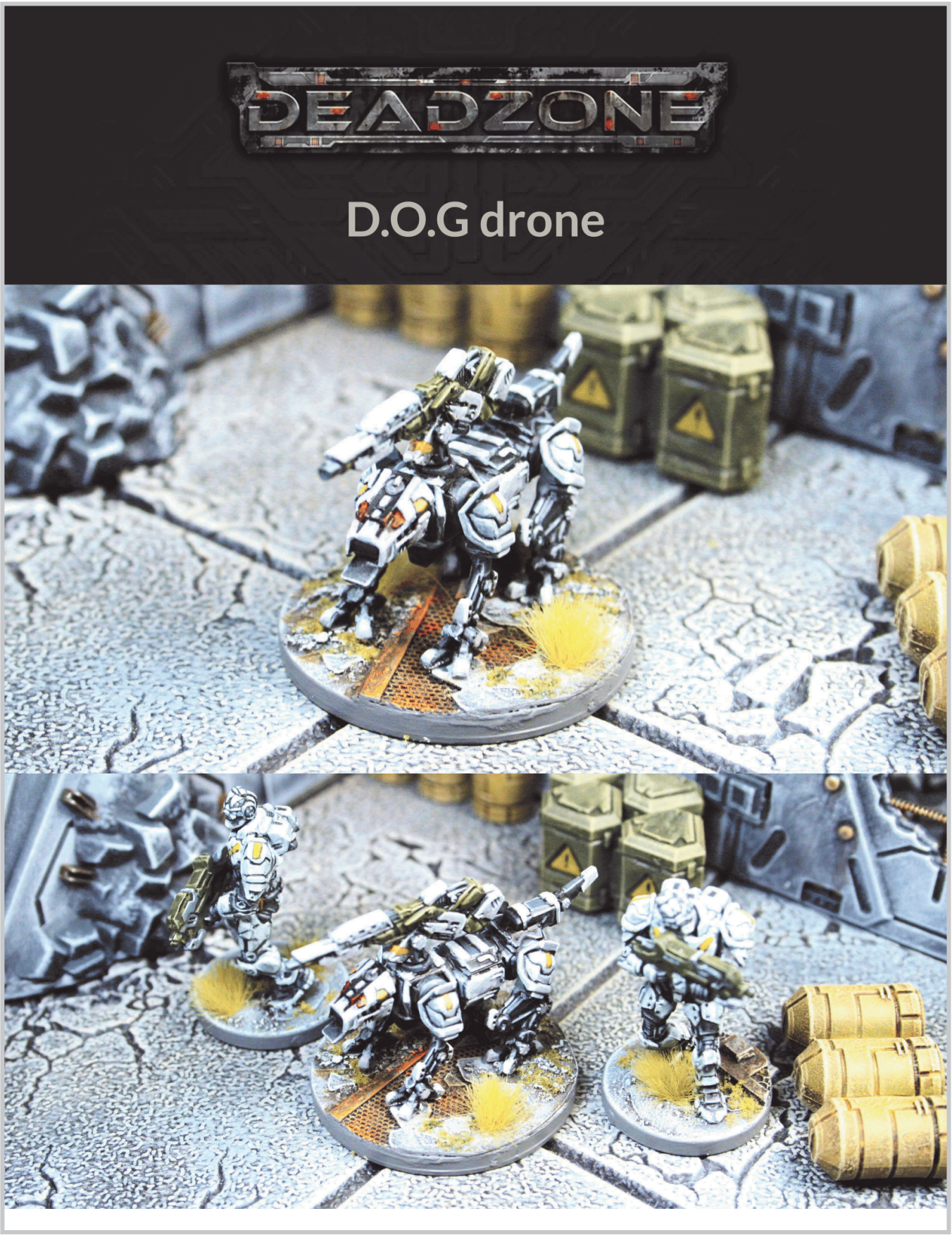

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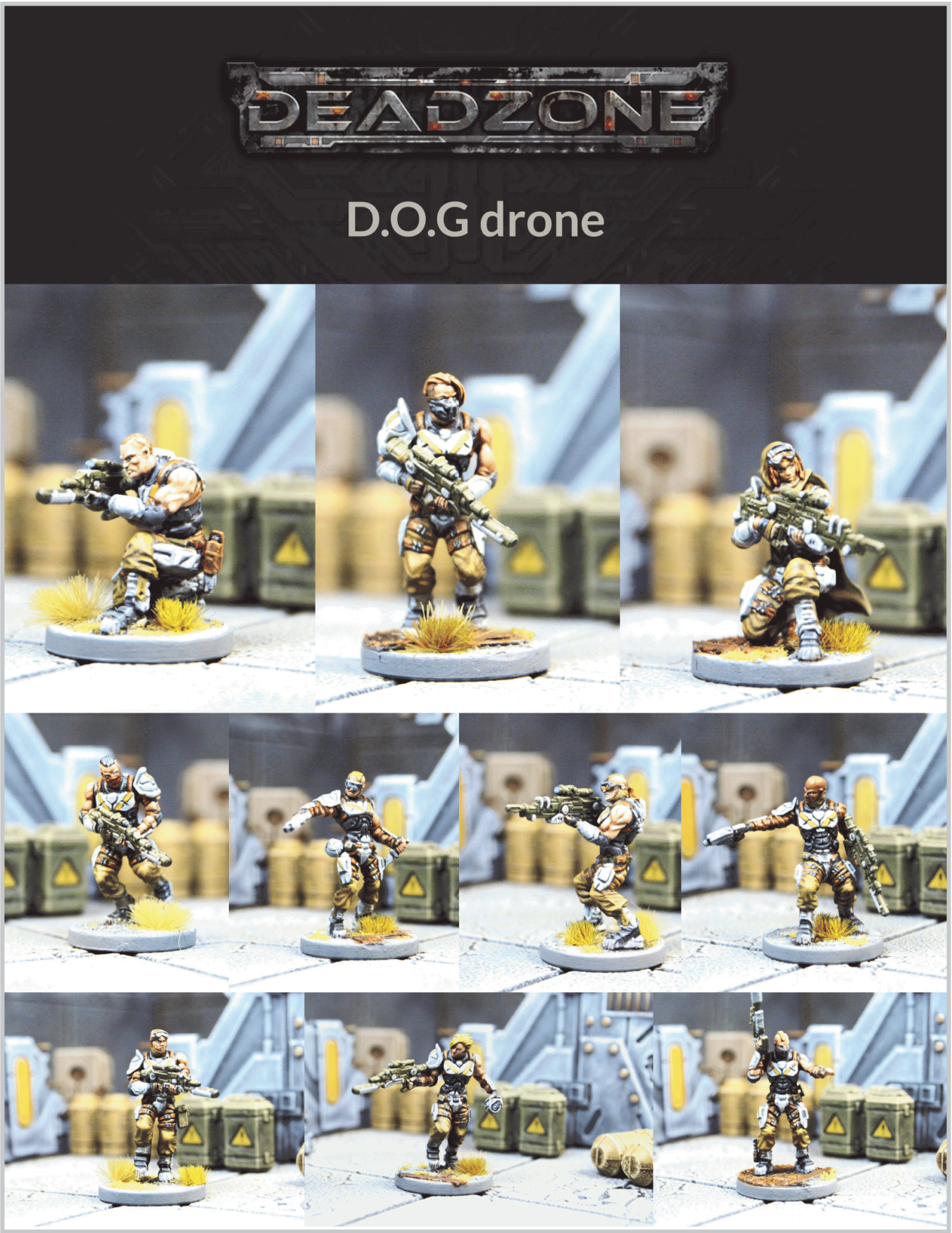


Veer-Myn Piper by Paul Mullis

MANTIC CALENDAR

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or **email us** with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, and not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course!).

October

10/9 **Kings of War Castilla - La Mancha Regional Tournament**
From 8:00 AM to 8:00 PM
Army sizes are 2000 pts
Antiguo Casino de Ciudad Real, Calle Caballeros, 3, 13001 Ciudad Real, Cdad. Real, España

10/15 **Redstone Rumble**

From 8:00 AM 10/15 to 8:00 PM 10/16

Tickets for the Kings of War events start at $30 for a single day, and $45 for both days.

The event features 2 days of Kings of War, plus 10mm KoW, organized play, and other systems. The main tournament is 5 Rounds with 2,000pts of forces .

Holiday Inn Research Park, 5903 University Drive, Huntsville, AL 35806, USA

10/21 **Refugees of the Olde World**

From 8:00 AM 10/21 to 5:00 PM 10/22

Entry fee is $30, and only 14 slots are available.

This will be a 2000 point Kings of War tournament. Multiple army, generalship, and door prizes will be awarded.

52 East Main Street, Rexburg, ID, USA

10/29 **Spain - Pathfinder KoW Tournament One Season Two**

From 8:00 AM to 8:00 PM

Army sizes are 1500 pts

Papelchip SL, Calle Uruguay, Local 2, 28903 Getafe, Madrid, España

Ogres vs Trolls by Grant Mahoney

Varangur Chieftain by Andre Kritzinger

THE ORDER OF MAURICE

EPISODE 3: NIGHTMARES IN THE DARK

By Ben Stoddard

Jephraim shivered against the cold as he staggered behind Wilford's jogging form in front of him. A cruel, bitter wind had swept up as the last rays of the setting sun had disappeared amongst the shadows of the run-down buildings through which they were now forced to flee. His already soaked clothing clung to him uncomfortably and caused him to clench his jaw so tightly that it was giving him a headache in order to stop his teeth from chattering. On top of that he had cut his foot running through the ruined streets and alleyways. Not for the first time he wished for his missing boot now lying somewhere in the shallows of the beach where they had landed, probably still clutched in the dead hands of one of those fish creatures that had attacked them.

He was forced to pull up short as Wilford stopped abruptly in front of him, almost causing Jephraim to charge into his back.

"What's going on?" He whispered through stuttered gasps as his body began shivering instantly as soon as he stopped his staggering jog.

“The Cap’n did hold us up, though he di’ no say why. Quiet yer chatterin’! It be hard eno’ esscapin’ those cree’churs on tha beach wi’oot yer bloody teeth given’ oot a bloody drum beat fer them ta find us wit!” Wilford’s voice hissed between his own tightly clenched teeth, his body also shivering slightly against the chill wind. Jephraim huddled down, trying to pull in the corners of his body so that the cold air couldn’t touch him, but it was no use. No matter how he turned the wind cut through his wet clothes and set his body to shuddering violently. His fingers began to grow numb and his nose ran rivulets of liquid mucus down his lip. Jephraim could not remember ever being so miserable in his life and found himself fervently wishing that he was back on the boat that had carried them here, sailing anywhere but towards this cursed island.

After what felt like hours, the Captain reappeared and walked quickly over to the huddled group of his men, kneeling down to look at each of them. Neither the cold wind nor the long scratches across his face from the attack earlier seemed to affect him and he spoke with a calm, level voice.

“There is a building up ahead that has a fairly intact fireplace with a serviceable chimney. We’ll camp there for the night and build a fire to get the life back in our limbs. The creatures seem to have lost our scent and mayhap we can march faster if we get some rest first.” The group smiled faintly at one another and followed the Captain to a small, one room building that looked like the remnants of a poor family’s dwelling.

A ruined bed lay collapsed on the floor with shattered and decayed bits of wood scattered about it and a moldy mattress that was torn and ragged. Apart from that there was a table in a similar state of decay at the other side of the room. About the only thing that was intact was a small stone fireplace

Forces of the Abyss Succubi by “C.M. Minis”

Abyssal Dwarf Lesser Obsidian Golems by "Dwarf Giant"

against the south wall. Breaking up the bits of brittle wood from the ruined furniture, the small band was able to collect enough fuel to start a fire and they huddled about it for warmth as the small blaze sputtered and hissed in the stone alcove. The chimney wasn't completely cleared and so a large amount of the smoke drifted into the room, but none of the five men huddled together seemed to care much.

Rigo and Berns produced a few hardtack biscuits from their packs and broke them apart to pass around. It wasn't much of a meal, but the men were famished and devoured the morsels quickly. Jephraim cast his eyes about for more afterwards but each of the other men was already wrapping themselves up in whatever they could find to help them stay warm. Captain Morticus nodded in Jephraim's direction.

"Go ahead and sleep, thief. We've had a long day and everyone needs the rest. I'll take first watch while everyone gets some rest. We'll wake you when it's your turn." With that, he turned his back on the already snoring shapes behind him to gaze out the window into the street. Jephraim wasn't certain that he could sleep after what he had witnessed, but he laid his head back anyways and without realizing it found himself drifting away within moments, his body relaxing with the warming presence of the small fire in the fireplace.

He awoke with a start several hours later. It was obvious that some time had lapsed as the fire had burned out and a chill silence lay over the sleeping party. No one had woken him, but something had called out to him from the realm of dreams to pull him back into the waking world, but he couldn't place what it was that had caused him to stir.

Staring bleary-eyed around the room it finally dawned on him that he couldn't see the Captain anywhere nearby. Rigo and Berns were huddled close together with Wilford lying a few feet away, snoring slightly. All three were still fast asleep, but Morticus was nowhere to be seen. The cold

in the air tugged at Jephraim's bones, causing him to shake as it penetrated his still damp clothing.

The thief pushed himself to his feet and walked over to the fireplace to see about stoking the flames again and hopefully instilling some warmth back into the drafty room, but he was disappointed to see that the fire was long out and stone cold. Jephraim didn't have any way of lighting it, Morticus had been the one with the flint and he was gone for now. The thought that he may have been in danger, or that he had possibly abandoned the warriors never crossed Jephraim's mind; he doubted that Morticus even possessed the ability to consider such an action.

Shivering, the thief sat down on the ground and wrapped his arms about himself in an effort to stave off the chills that were causing his violent shaking. He stared miserably into the dead ashes in the fireplace and pondered on his predicament. How had he come to this? What had he done that was so heinous that he deserved this hellish punishment? Perhaps he had slept with some women that he shouldn't have, and maybe he'd been too greedy when he took his "people's tax" from the coffers of certain government officials, but the punishment that he'd received seemed far heavier than all of his crimes put together would warrant.

As he sat wallowing in a pit of his own self-pity, there came a noise that tugged at his attention. He tried to ignore it and focus solely on his suffering, but the sound came again and this time he was far more certain of it. There was a distinct echo of metal being dragged across stone, and it was coming from the street just outside of the small building where the group lay sleeping.

Jephraim stood up slowly and crept towards the window looking out into the dark night. Nothing but shadows rested out in the pitch-black street. Jephraim strained his eyes to penetrate the darkness, willing whatever had made the sound to move again, waiting for the tell-tale signal of whatever it was that

Undead Zombies by Guiseppe Aquino

Undead Zombies by "imm0rtal reaper"

was moving out there in the night.

The sound came again, closer than before yet still some ways down the street. Jephraim pressed his face against the glass and stared towards the source of the noise. At first he saw nothing, but then the clouds parted allowing the sliver of moon that had hidden behind them to shine out and Jephraim saw three shapes shuffling through the dark. They were bowed as if carrying a heavy weight and as they drew closer the sound of metal being dragged along the stone streets grew louder, and with it came the accompanying rattling of metal pieces clicking together to make a sharp counterpoint to the dull weight being pulled along the ground.

The shapes continued to shamble down the street until they stopped beside the door leading into the small building where Jephraim and the others lay concealed. Being this close, Jephraim could now make out more of the creatures' features and his pulse quickened as he stared at them. They were human in shape, but they looked as though they had been carved up on a butcher's slab. Their skin was peeled away from their faces and rotten juices leaked out of their eye sockets where their eyes had dissolved away without lids to cover them. Their cracked lips moved in constant susurrations that hadn't been audible beneath the noise of the chains that encircled each of the three wretched souls, binding them to a great metal ball that forced each of them to huddle close to the ground and drag its weight along the flagstones of the street. Black burn marks etched their way up each of their arms, which were also flayed so that the skin was pulled back to reveal naked muscles and sinews that wept a viscous fluid much like their eyes.

Jephraim clamped a hand over his mouth to keep himself from calling out. The movement must have caught one of the creature's attention because it raised its head, causing the chain around its neck to rattle against itself and jerked the other two towards it. The creatures continued to whisper amongst themselves while the one who had raised its head began to moan, softly at first but gradually growing until it

was a cry of anguish that echoed through the forgotten streets and forbidden alleys of that forsaken city. Jephraim clamped his hands over his ears in an attempt to silence the cries that awakened a sickening hole in his stomach that turned and writhed within him so that he felt the need to answer the creature's call with one of his own.

Clamping his teeth shut, the thief struggled to push down the wrenching sadness and terror that was forcing its way up into his throat. He fell to his knees and closed his eyes tightly but it was no use. The creature's voice continued to rise mournfully across the silent streets and tore its way through Jephraim's chest. A wracking sob tore itself from his mouth and as it did so the other two creatures raised their terrible cries to match their bound companion. The sound tore itself through the room, Wilford awoke with a start and instantly began screaming as the awful noise awoke in him memories of violence, sadness, and loss. Rigo and Berns simply opened their eyes and lay as if paralyzed by the tortured cries, silent tears rolling out from their eyes that they could not close.

Abruptly the sound cut off and Jephraim fell to the floor in an exhausted heap, Wilford continued to scream. Rigo and Berns picked themselves up from the floor and moved to silence their screaming friend, while scrubbing their eyes with their hands. The door to their small refuge reverberated as it was struck, vibrating on its hinges as the ancient wood began to crack almost instantly. Another blow struck the wood and a horrendous cracking noise announced the door's final protests as it fell inwards to crash against the floor. Jephraim stared numbly up at the trio of monsters as they shuffled through the door, their dry lips muttering under their breath as they pulled their weighted chains behind them. A voice in his brain screamed at him to move, but his limbs would not obey, and all he could do was stare as the creatures raised their hands and flame erupted across their ruined flesh.

The creatures shambled forward towards the closest target, that of Jephraim's prone form. He couldn't bring his hands to obey him, his limbs seemed to be made of lead and the world moved as if everything were travelling through a thick veil of water. His eyes began to close and his vision grew blurry. He watched as two shadows placed themselves between him and the bound monstrosities. He heard inhuman screams which threatened to push him down into a black abyss. His vision swam and he struggled to remain conscious. He heard a gurgled cry of pain followed by more impossible wails and then, abruptly, there was silence as stars exploded within his head and he fell into an impossibly dark hole that opened up beneath him.▪

Undead Revenants by Jim Kew

ROAD TO THE RUMBLE

Part 4

By David Reid

Hey again. We're finally here! This will be the last GT preparation article before we have this year's Redstone Rumble (14-16 October). As always I hope it will at least provide some insight into how something like this works and makes it easier for you to start your own event or at least peel back the curtain a bit.

On my end we're in the home stretch of preparation, which will be something you will likely encounter for your own event. Plaques are being ordered, additional terrain is being made, and prizes are on the way. Luckily as this is our 5th year doing this most of these things are on repeat. For a new GT you'll more than likely be under much more stress at this point, which is understandable. Like many projects in life things can be made easier if you avoid procrastination and plan ahead of time, which is always easier said than done.

To that end I'll be spending the next couple of weeks building more forest outlines to ensure we have over and above what we need.

Ogres vs Trolls by Grant Mahoney

Forces of Nature Earth Elementals by George Adsett-Knutsen

What I am doing now and I would suggest the same for you is my one month out checklist. My checklist includes the following and what general questions I ask myself before checking them off. While they may send a bit obvious, I like that they usually force me to pull stuff out of boxes to check. This has saved me a couple of times when I thought I had something completed but really didn't.

<u>Missions</u>

- Have I played all the final revisions at least twice?
- Are they posted online for others to spot issues?

<u>Printing</u>

- Is the packet online for review?
- Did I create enough scoresheets?

Terrain outlines, ready to be carved out

Terrain Check

- How many tables am I currently able to cover?
- Will it work for multiple systems? – Obviously only applies for multigame events
- Is it all here?

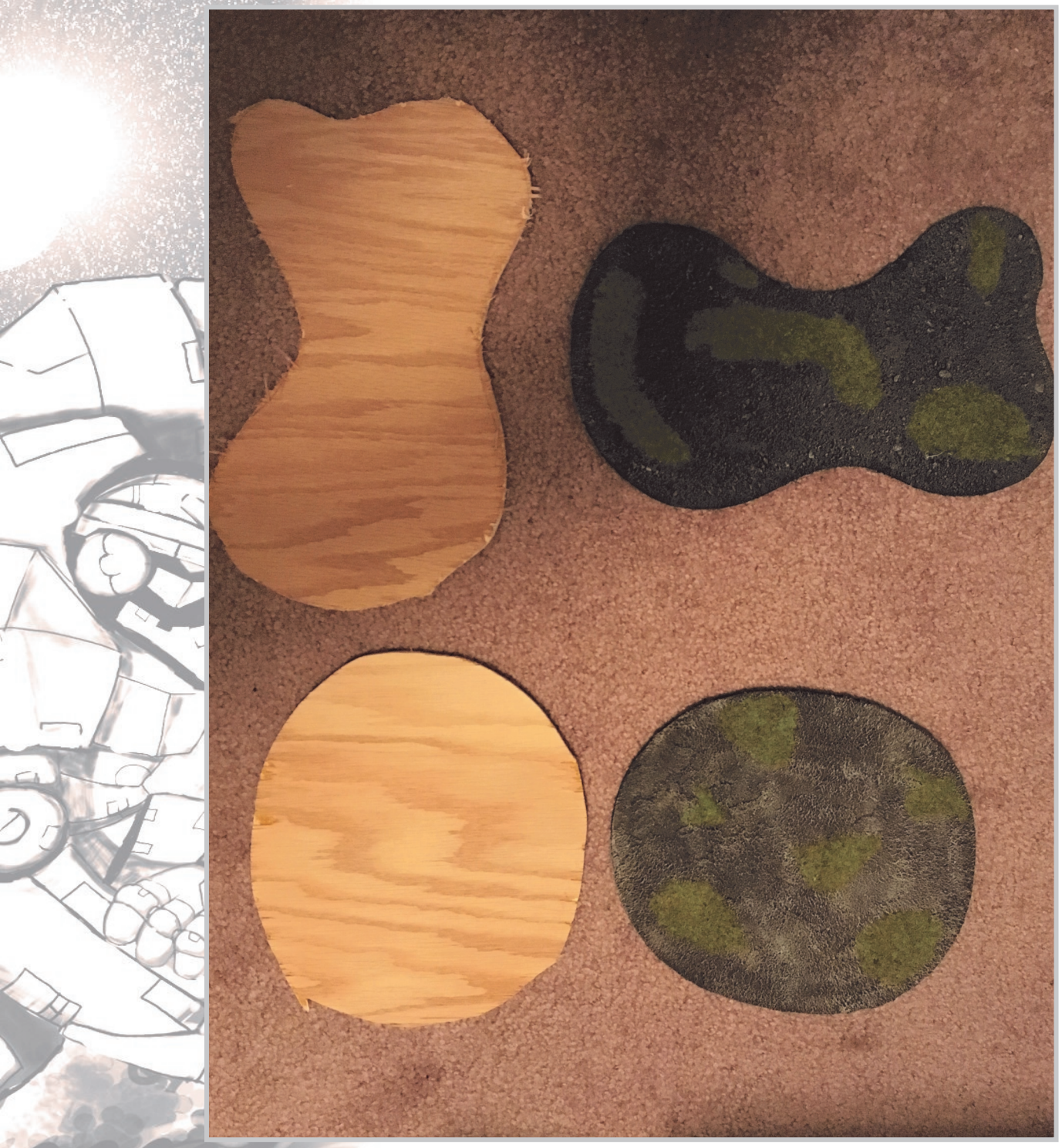
Prizes

- What is the lead time for plaques? Did I allow an extra week for manufacturing delays?
- Have I ordered additional prizes?

The list isn't all encompassing, but it does give me that one month out "reality check" to see how much I really need to cram in the last month. Hopefully you can avoid some of the mistakes I made getting started and had to build terrain until midnight each night the week prior to the event.

As always I hope this will help you create and continue your own successful event. My next article will be a wrap up of this year's Redstone Rumble. In the meantime don't be afraid to shoot me any questions you may have at wargamejunkie@gmail.com or check out the event at www.Redstone-Rumble.com . If you are in the area we'd love to have you.▪

Rough terrain cuts, ready to be sanded and textured



Rough terrain on the left, and the finished pieces on the right after being sanded, textured, painted, and flocked

Kingdoms of Men Hero by Andre Kritzinger

THE INQUISITION

Part 2

By Donn Turner and Alex Younger

Editor's note: Continuing on from last month's article, here's how to use the inscrutable Inquisition in your Star-Struck City games!

The Star-Struck City

Just like with Dungeon Saga, the Star-struck City Skirmish rules are an ideal setting for an Inquisitor and their followers. You could use either the Basilea or the Kingdoms of Men warband lists in order to create an Inquisitor and their followers.

The Allies and Mercenaries rules would be perfect to simulate how certain followers and assets can come and go within a warband. In fact, the resources needed to recruit and retain an Ally or Mercenary perfectly simulates how much trouble an Inquisitor would have to go through in order to keep something, like an Ogre, in their employ. That's not cheap, by the way!

In order to add an Inquisition flavor to your Star-Struck City games, here are some additional scenarios that can be part of a campaign, or used just for fun! These scenarios can be used in any game, but if

one player has an "Inquisitor" themed army, they may always assume the role of the Inquisitor in each scenario. These scenarios were written for them, after all…

Determining the Scenario

Roll 2d6, and play the scenario that you roll:

2: Scenario 1: Fallen Inquisitor
3: Scenario 2: Cursed Artifact
4-5: Scenario 3: Investigate
6-7: Scenario 4: Wanted
8-9: Scenario 5: Burn the Heretic
10: Scenario 6: Stop the Ritual
11: Scenario 7: The Restless Dead
12: Scenario 8: Discovered

Treasure

For the purpose of campaign games in *The Star-Struck City*, all recovered Treasures in a given game are considered to be Starmetal pieces. Inquisitors would be very interested in finding Starmetal, even though they have access to all of the resources that they could ever want for a mission.

However, a smart Inquisitor would not just rally an army, and assault a town. They would approach things with stealth and secrecy. To reflect this, Inquisition parties are subject to all of the rules that govern normal Warbands, as presented in the Star-Struck City rulebook.

Basilean Paladins by "C.M. Minis"

Kingdoms of Men Hero by "Daedle"

All of the normal rules presented in the Star-Struck City rulebook apply to Treasure when using Inquisition scenarios.

SCENARIO 1: FALLEN INQUISITOR

With as much time and effort put into testing a potential candidate for the Order, it would be logical to assume that every Inquisitor is a paragon of faith and virtue.

Sadly, this is not always the case. Very few Inquisitors have lost their way during the long history of the Order, but it has happened. When an Inquisitor falls, they must be hunted without remorse, as they are easily the most dangerous threat to the Inquisition. When they are found, they rarely survive long enough to be interrogated. This is actually a mercy…for the fallen Inquisitor.

Terrain Setup

Set up terrain as described in the Star-struck City rulebook.

Setup

Note: This is a two player scenario only.

The player with the lowest warband value has just been told that a fallen Inquisitor has been located, but the Hunters will not be able to apprehend the arch heretic in time. The duty falls to you, before the traitor can make good their escape!

The player with the highest warband value picks a table edge, and sets up their models anywhere within 6" from their table edge. This player then selects one of their models to represent the fallen Inquisitor. This choice must be communicated to the other player.

The player with the lowest warband value will then deploy their models anywhere within 6" of the opposite table edge.

Objective

The fallen Inquisitor knows that they are in trouble, and will do anything to escape. If the player is able to move the model that is representing the fallen Inquisitor off their opponent's table edge, they win the scenario. If the other player is able to remove the model representing the fallen

Inquisitor as a casualty during the game, then they win the scenario. Because the stakes are so high, no Flee Checks will be made during the scenario.

SCENARIO 2: CURSED ARTIFACT

After a long investigation, an Inquisitor has located the whereabouts of a long-lost cursed artifact. The power of this artifact is terrifying, and if it is not located and destroyed, it will unleash a wave of death from the Abyss itself. Unfortunately, others have heard about the artifact as well, and they may not want to see it destroyed…

Terrain Setup

Set up terrain as described in the Star-struck City rulebook.

Setup

Place a single Treasure Token in the very center of the board. All players then roll off, the highest roller gets to choose their table edge, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. The second highest roller picks another table edge as their own, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. Continue doing this until all players have deployed their warbands. If there are only two players, then the player that lost the roll off must chose the table edge directly opposite from their opponent as their table edge.

Objective

The players are trying to secure the cursed artifact, and take it off of any board edge. In order to secure the artifact, a model will have to finish its movement in base contact with the Treasure Token. Starting on the model's next Move Phase, they can secure the cursed artifact, and slowly drag it with them. But, the artifact is raging out of control, so it will hinder the model's ability to move and fight. If a model has secured the cursed artifact, they can only be issued an Advance! or Halt! move order, and cannot engage in any form of combat. Move the Treasure Token along with the model that has secured it.

If the model that has secured the cursed artifact manages to make contact with any board edge, then the controlling player wins

Abyssal Dwarf Gargoyle by "Dwarf Giant"

the scenario. If the model is removed as a casualty, the Treasure Token is left exactly where it is on the table, and the casualty is removed. From this point on, any other model my secure the cursed artifact as described above. There is no additional effect if more than one model finishes their movement in base contact with the Treasure Token, either friend or foe. Only one model may secure the cursed artifact at a time, and must be removed as a casualty in order for any other model to have a chance to secure the cursed artifact again.

As if this challenge was not hard enough, the power radiating off of the cursed artifact is raging out of control as well. After all players have finished a Turn, a model that has secured the cursed artifact must take a Toughness Test. If the model would suffer a casualty result from this test, then the model has been possessed! Replace the model with a model that represents a Lower Abyssal. From this point on, the Lower Abyssal will randomly attack the closest model after all players have finished another turn. There is no limit for the number of Lower Abyssal models that can be on the table at any one time. After the scenario is over, the possessed model must make an Injury Roll, exactly as if they were removed as a casualty during the game.

Because the cursed artifact must be destroyed, Flee Checks are not used in this scenario. Hey, no one said that the life of an Inquisitor was easy…

SCENARIO 3: INVESTIGATE

The life of an Inquisitor is not as glamorous as many imagine. Most of their time is spent chasing down obscure legends, visiting dusty old libraries, or hiding in a swamp spying on a noble. Sure, there are moments. But, for the most part, it is simply chasing ghosts…

Ogre Captain by Grant Mahoney

Terrain Setup

Set up terrain as described in the Star-struck City rulebook. Try to have at least 4 buildings, large enough that at least one model can fit within the space, scattered around the table.

Setup

All players roll off, the highest roller gets to choose their table edge, and then deploys their warband within 6” of their table edge. The second highest roller picks another table edge as their own, and then deploys their

warband within 6” of their table edge. Continue doing this until all players have deployed their warbands. If there are only two players, then the player that lost the roll off must chose the table edge directly opposite from their opponent as their table edge.

Objective

Every clue is important, as even a torn fragment of parchment might contain vital information. For this reason, the players are trying to search each building before their opponents can. To represent this, if a model finishes its move inside a building, they can search for clues. The player rolls 1d6, and if a “6” is rolled, then the model has found a clue! The player can send additional models into the same building, adding +1 to their search roll for each model fully inside the building terrain. A player can never add more than +2 to their search roll, meaning that they would still need to roll a 4+ to find a clue, even if they had 5 models in the same building. If a clue is recovered, it is treated as a Treasure Token in all respects.

Undead Werewolf by Guiseppe Aquino

Once a clue is found within a building, that building will not provide any more clues. Also, if other players are able to move one or more of their own models into a building already occupied by other models, then no searching may take place. Everyone is far too busy focusing on surviving to look for clues.

Flee Checks are taken as normal. The winner of the scenario is the player that has the most clues, or Treasure Tokens, at the end of the game.

SCENARIO 4: WANTED

The Inquisitor needs to speak with a certain heretic, and it will not be a pleasant conversation…

Terrain Setup

Set up terrain as described in the Star-struck City rulebook.

Setup

All players roll off, the highest roller gets to choose their table edge, and then deploys their warband within 6” of their table edge. The second highest roller picks another table edge as their own, and then deploys their warband within 6” of their table edge. Continue doing this until all players have deployed their warbands. If there are only two players, then the player that lost the roll off must chose the table edge directly opposite from their opponent as their table

edge.

Objective

Interrogation is more than just a skill, and is more often than not an art form. Inquisitors know this. They are trained to get the information that they need, in any way possible. Sometimes, they need to "question" a certain lowlife in order to continue their investigation. These "little chats" are best held in private, where no one can hear the screaming…

The player with the lowest warband value must choose one enemy model on the table that they would like to have a chat with. If the player can remove this model as a casualty during the game, remove the model, and replace it with a Treasure Token. From this point on, any model may carry the treasure token, but they can only be issued an Advance! or Halt! move order. If any player manages to take the Treasure Token off of any board edge, they win.

Flee Checks are taken as normal.

SCENARIO 5: BURN THE HERETIC

Sometimes, an Inquisitor just needs to burn a witch, heathen, or heretic. Not only does it get rid of the problem, but it sets a good example for the common folk. Unfortunately, heretics tend to gather in groups, and don't like it when you try to burn their friends…

Terrain Setup

Set up terrain as described in the Star-Struck City rulebook. Try to have a model, representing a heretic that has been tied to a stake, in the center of the table. If one is not available, then simply put a suitable model in the center of the table.

Kingdoms of Men Standard Bearer by "imm0rtal reaper"

Setup

The player with the highest warband value must deploy their warband within 6" of the center of the table. All other players roll off, the highest roller gets to choose their table edge, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. The second highest roller picks another table edge as their own, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. Continue doing this until all players have deployed their warbands. If there are only two players, then the player with the lower warband value may choose any table edge as their own table edge.

Objective

The player with the highest warband value is trying to burn someone. They have to

defend the spot for 5 turns. If this player can prevent any other model from coming into base contact with the model representing the burning stake, then they win the scenario. If any other player can get one of their models into base contact with the model representing the burning stake, then they win the scenario.

Flee Checks are taken as normal.

SCENARIO 6: STOP THE RITUAL

Inquisitors are almost renowned for showing up at the right place, and at the right time. But, this is not always the case. Sometimes, vital information is delivered late, or a sudden realization will dramatically alter the course of an investigation. When this happens, the Inquisitor must move quickly, or bad things could happen…

Terrain Setup

Set up terrain as described in the Star-struck City rulebook. Try to have a model, representing a heretical summoning circle, in the center of the table. If one is not available, then simply put a suitable model in the center of the table.

Setup

The player with the lowest warband value must deploy their warband within 6" of the center of the table. All other players roll off, the highest roller gets to choose their table edge, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. The second highest roller picks another table edge as their own, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. Continue doing this until all players have deployed their warbands. If there are only two players, then the player with the higher warband value may choose any table edge as their own table edge.

Objective

The player with the lowest warband value is trying to summon a demon. They have to defend their summoning circle for 3 turns. If

Undead Revenants by Martin Geibner

Undead Liche King by "left64"

this player can prevent any other model from coming into base contact with the model representing the summoning circle, then the ritual is complete. The player with the lowest warband value may add a Moloch to their warband at the beginning of their 4th turn. This demon will leave the warband at the end of this scenario.

If any other player can get one of their models into base contact with the model representing the summoning circle, then the ritual has been disrupted. Place a Treasure Token in base contact with the model that came into base contact with the model representing the summoning circle. Continue to play the game until all but one warband fails a Flee Check, or if there is only one warband left on the table. The last warband left on the table wins the scenario.

SCENARIO 7: THE RESTLESS DEAD

Inquisitors must face all kinds of dangers, ranging from werewolves to angry bar maids. They are always on the hunt for heretics, but sometimes the ones that they must face have long since departed from this world. Why they decided to come back, no one knows…

Terrain Setup

Set up terrain as described in the Star-struck City rulebook. A graveyard is an especially fitting theme for this scenario. Try to have 5 small building or tombs, and place one in each quadrant of the table. The fifth building or tomb should be placed right in the center of the board.

Setup

All other players roll off, the highest roller gets to choose their table edge, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. The second highest roller picks another table edge as their own, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. Continue doing this until all players have deployed their warbands.

Objective

The dead do not rest easy in the lands of Mantica, and this night is no exception. An ancient Liche has returned to the mortal realm, and with it a host of undead. The fiend must be stopped, less the dead overcome the living…

There is an extra turn added to this scenario, and it takes place after all other players have taken a turn. This is the undead turn. After all of the following conditions have been met, the players start taking their turns in order, just as they did when they started the scenario. Once every player has had a second turn, then it is the undead turn again. Continue following this process until

the scenario is over.

During the undead turn, work through the following list until all conditions have been met:

1. Place a model that represents a Bone Thrall in the exact center of the table. The Bone Thrall has the Lightning Bolt (1) spell, and will shoot it at the closest enemy model. The Bone Thrall will never move, and will only engage in melee if another model is in base contact with it.
2. Place 4 Revenants around the Bone Thrall to become the Revenant Guard. These models have weapons that grant them Piercing (1). The Revenant Guard will never move, but will Charge! another model if it comes within 6" of the Bone Thrall. If there are less than 4 Revenant Guard at the end of the undead turn, roll 1d6. On a 5+, one Revenant Guard is returned to the table, and will function exactly as above.
3. Roll 1d6 for each of the buildings or tombs in the four different quarters of the board. On the roll of a "1" or "2", place 1 Skeleton model in base contact with the building or tomb. On the roll of a "3", "4", or "5", place 2 skeletons in base contact with the building or tomb. If a "6" is rolled, place a wraith in base contact with the building or tomb. After the number and type of models has been determined, make a Charge! Move against the closest enemy model to the building or tomb. Line of Sight is not considered for this first charge. Simply charge the closest enemy model. If the range is too great, then leave the models where they are. If the model that that was Charged! Is removed as a casualty, leave the undead models where they are on the table. During the next undead turn, they will attack the closest enemy model. If they cannot reach another model with a Charge! move, then they will Advance! towards the closest enemy model.

The player that removes the Bone Thrall from the table as a casualty wins the scenario. Flee Checks are taken as normal.

SCENARIO 8: DISCOVERED

Inquisitors rely on stealth and subterfuge in order to conduct their investigations. Sometimes, however, subtly is not enough. When heretics discover that an Inquisitor has been investigating them, they will set up elaborate traps in order to catch the unlucky Inquisitor. This is the situation that most Inquisitors fear the most.

Terrain Setup

Set up terrain as described in the Star-Struck City rulebook.

Undead Revenants by Jim Kew

A silent charge of Undead Revenant Cavalry by Peter Grose

Setup

The player with the highest warband value will deploy their warband within 6" of the center of the table. These models represent the Inquisitor and their followers. All other players roll off, the highest roller gets to choose their table edge, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. The second highest roller picks another table edge as their own, and then deploys their warband within 6" of their table edge. Continue doing this until all players have deployed their warbands.

Objective

It is only in desperate times when the truth of one's character can be tested. The player that set up their models in the center of the table are trying to flee. If the player is able to get at least half of their starting warband off of any table edge, then they win the scenario.

Every other player is trying to kill the Inquisitor and their followers. For the purpose of this scenario, every player that deployed their warbands on a table edge are allies, and will not hurt or engage each other. If at least half of the Inquisitor's warband is removed as a casualty, then the player that caused the most casualties will win the scenario.

If only two players are playing this scenario, then the Inquisitor's opponent gets double the warband value of the Inquisitor's warband. Simply add models until you have used up all of the additional points.

Because the odds are so grim, the Flee Checks are not used in this scenario. Either the Inquisitor wins, or the heretics win. This is the reality of the shadow war…▪

A Kings of War battle by "SneakyChros"

KINGS OF WAR TOURNAMENT SERIES AND LEAGUE

By Ken—"dunsforddownunder"

With the release of Kings of War 2nd Edition some 18 months ago, and for me personally with the rediscovery of Kings of War ruleset, there seemed an interest in doing Tournaments in our area. Disparate events started popping up, advertised on various forums/mediums, etc. To be honest, it was difficult to get an overall picture of what was going on in the local area, and hence the idea of a League was born

With the great help of Queensland's own Mantic Pathfinder Neal Barton, the various Clubs, Shops, Venues, players, etc. were all approached, and the suggestion of an organised League put forward. Most were very open to the idea, and jumped on board. A dedicated FB Group was setup, and dates and venues were added, as to provide all players with a single maintained list in chronological order of what Tournaments were taking place

A simple scoring mechanism was devised, and a minimum set of requirements for counting towards the League introduced. The intent was always primarily to provide a single source of truth for what was going on, and very much to let the Venues and TO's run their own Tournaments in the format they wanted, the League just to ran over the top, more of a common interest sort of thing For League Scoring, the requirement is:

- Minimum of 8 players
- Minimum of 3 rounds played, each a different Scenario
- Record the players placing and Attrition Score (Total Points of Enemy Units Routed through the Tournament)

And that's it.

League Scoring then is based on Points for a placing, with a weighting for number of rounds and players partaking, and Averaged Attrition % as a secondary measure. The only way to get a secondary measure was to average Attrition scores, so:

- Tournament 1 - 4 rounds, 2000pts, your Attrition is 6000pts, Average Attrition is 75%
- Tournament 2 - 6 rounds, 1500pts, your Attrition is 6750pts, Average Attrition is 75%
- Tournament 3 – 3 Rounds, 2500pts, your Attrition is 5625pts, Average Attrition is 75%

This meant that the Tournament format was free for the Venue/TO to choose; with it being a growing Game System, we could ill afford to put out dictates.

League Table					
League Position	Player	Best 3 Tournaments		Team	
		(Primary Measure) League Points	(Secondary Measure) Averaged Attrition Points (%)		Tourna Pla
1st	Clint Richards	420	81.24	Team North	1
2nd	Sam Rounsevell	380	73.26	Team West	1
3rd	Adam Storey	380	67.53	Team South	1
4th	Chris Willcox	360	76.99	Team North	9
5th	Terry Chapman	330	66.96	Team North	1
6th	Trevor Younghusband	330	60.92	Team North	7
7th	Courtney Tottle	310	76.46	Team West	6
8th	Ken D	300	80.85	Team Ken	1
9th	Fraser Keetley	280	73.88	Team South	7
10th	Neal Barton	240	64.63	Team West	8
11th	Eddie Crompton	240	60.37	Team West	9
12th	Ed Hamacek	240	58.35	Team South	1
13th	Jay N	230	62.15	Team West	6
14th	Micky Ward	220	65.32	Team North	4
15th	Dave (Ikit)	190	63.00	Team North	2
16th	Donald Neville	190	49.59	Team North	6
17th	Dan Mac	170	64.09	Team North	3
18th	John Pope	160	46.07	Team North	4
19th	Gem Ryan	160	43.60	Team West	3
20th	Graham M	130	36.56	Team West	3
21st	Shaun Cassidy	110	61.68	Team West	1
22nd	Josh Franks	100	67.86	Unknown	2
23rd	Steve C	100	46.88	Team North	2
24th	Michael C	90	70.25	Unknown	1
25th	Lyle ???	90	48.00	Team West	2
26th	Aris Totle	90	46.79	Team West	2
27th	David Muddiman	90	46.49	Team North	2
28th	Peter Dorsett	80	69.50	Unknown	1
29th	Adrian Roberts	70	65.38	Team West	1
30th	Sam Harris	70	56.50	Team North	1
31st	David Cross	70	49.81	Unknown	1
32nd	Phil S	60	65.00	Unknown	1
33rd	Bob Barton	50	56.38	Team West	1
34th	Adam N	50	39.69	Team South	1
35th	Nick H	40	69.19	Unknown	1
36th	David L	40	45.17	Unknown	1
37th	Glenn Lamprecht	30	44.25	Unknown	1
38th	Jono Alymer	30	30.67	Unknown	1

The League Rankings only takes into account a Players best 3 Tournament Scores.

The Tournament Series and League is now into its 10th Month, and has had 17 Tournaments, 13 of which have counted as League games. We started out with a group of 10 players, and with the number of Tournaments, practice gaming at various places, a Tournament at a Wargaming Convention, we now regularly see 16 players at Tournaments, and numbers have grown to 30+ players participating in the Series and League, with numbers increasing. It's a slower growth than hoped, but it is definitely growing.

What's really succeeding in the League is the KoW community it is fostering and building,: there are players coming from all sorts of systems, a diverse age range, from various clubs, shops or from Shed gamers, and it is such a friendly community with a common interest and desire for it to succeed.

It is very gratifying to see the League grow, and we have some excellent people playing,. We have also had stupendously good support from Ronnie and Mantic Games, and we like to think that we here in Queensland were the first to develop such a League for KoW, and we are always looking for new things to do. One such example was the Apocalyptic Battle of 100,000+ Points we staged *(Editor's note: See Ironwatch Issue 49 for more details!)*, another thing we like to think we now set the standards for. Of course, in true Aussie fashion, England goes and produces a truly great game, and Aussies then lead the field in it .

On the previous page is the Current League Table Standings, and below is a picture of some of the crew from the latest Tournament held at Queensland Northern Knights. It is worth noting that the current Leader has won 9 of the 13 League Tournaments to date, using 4 or 5 different Armies, with a different composition each time. The next 4 also use different armies, with differing compositions. It is a true testament to the balance of the Ruleset and Army Lists, and what makes this game so worthwhile participating in.

I hope some found this of interest, keep those dice rolling.▪

THE TWINHAMMER BREWERY

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

Editor's Note: Peter has been kind enough to send us several terrain-making tutorials for the next few issues. While they don't have step-by-step written overviews, the materials are simple, and a picture (of a tutorial step) is worth a thousand words!

"I work until now only with high-density polystyrene-often colored has a smooth, tough structure.

The only special tool I use is a desktop foam cutter from Proxxon.

The other tools all modelers have at home:

- *Retractable knife*
- *Scalpel with disposable blades (for very detailed cutting)*
- *Brushes*
- *Pencil*
- *Toothpick*

And endless imagination!"

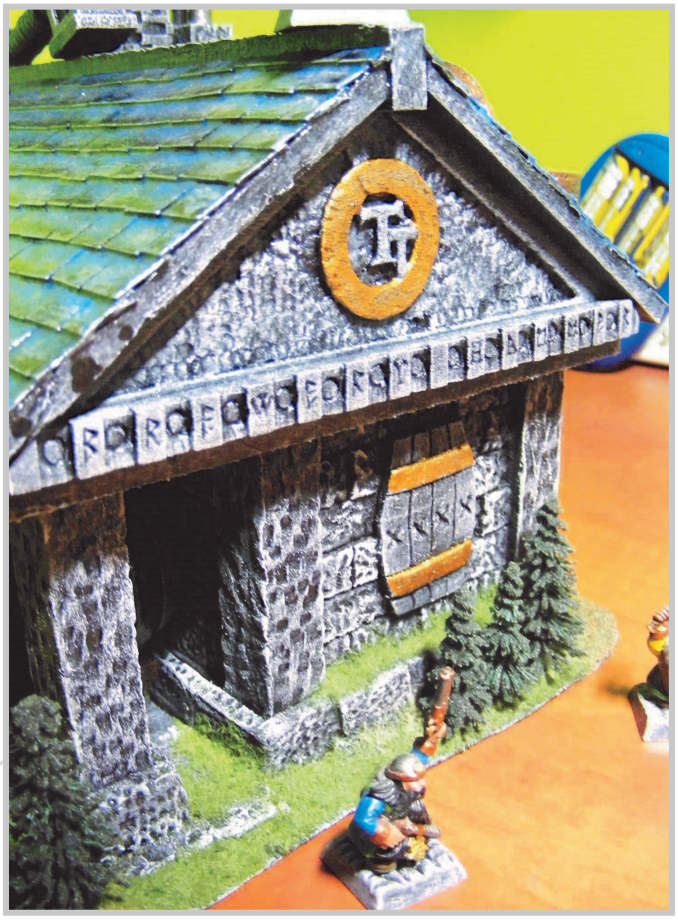
Peter's other notes for this build:

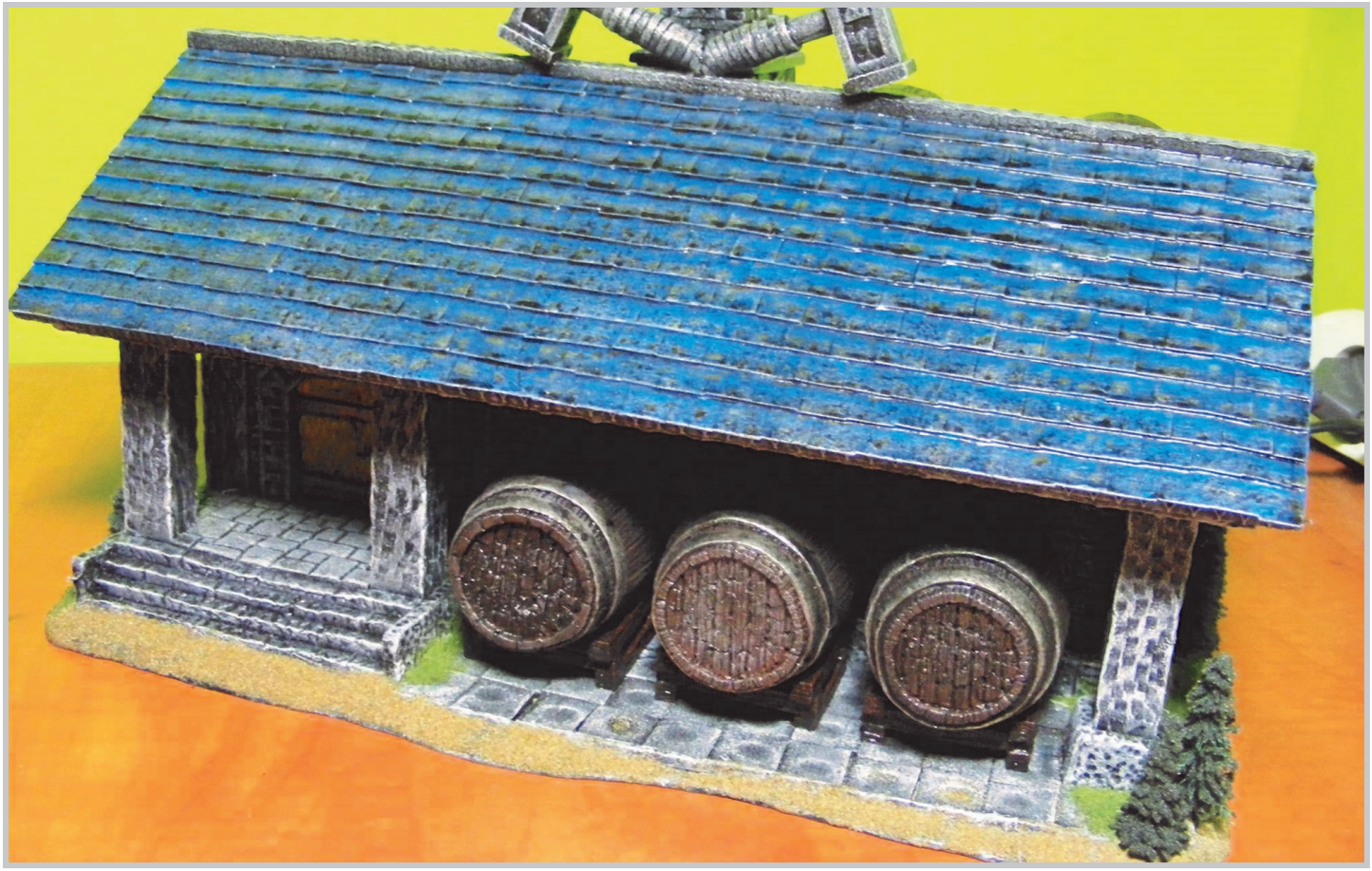
"My dwarves had gotten thirsty for some good beer while building my other projects, but there was nowhere they could go for a mug of ale, and no breweries nearby the construction yard.

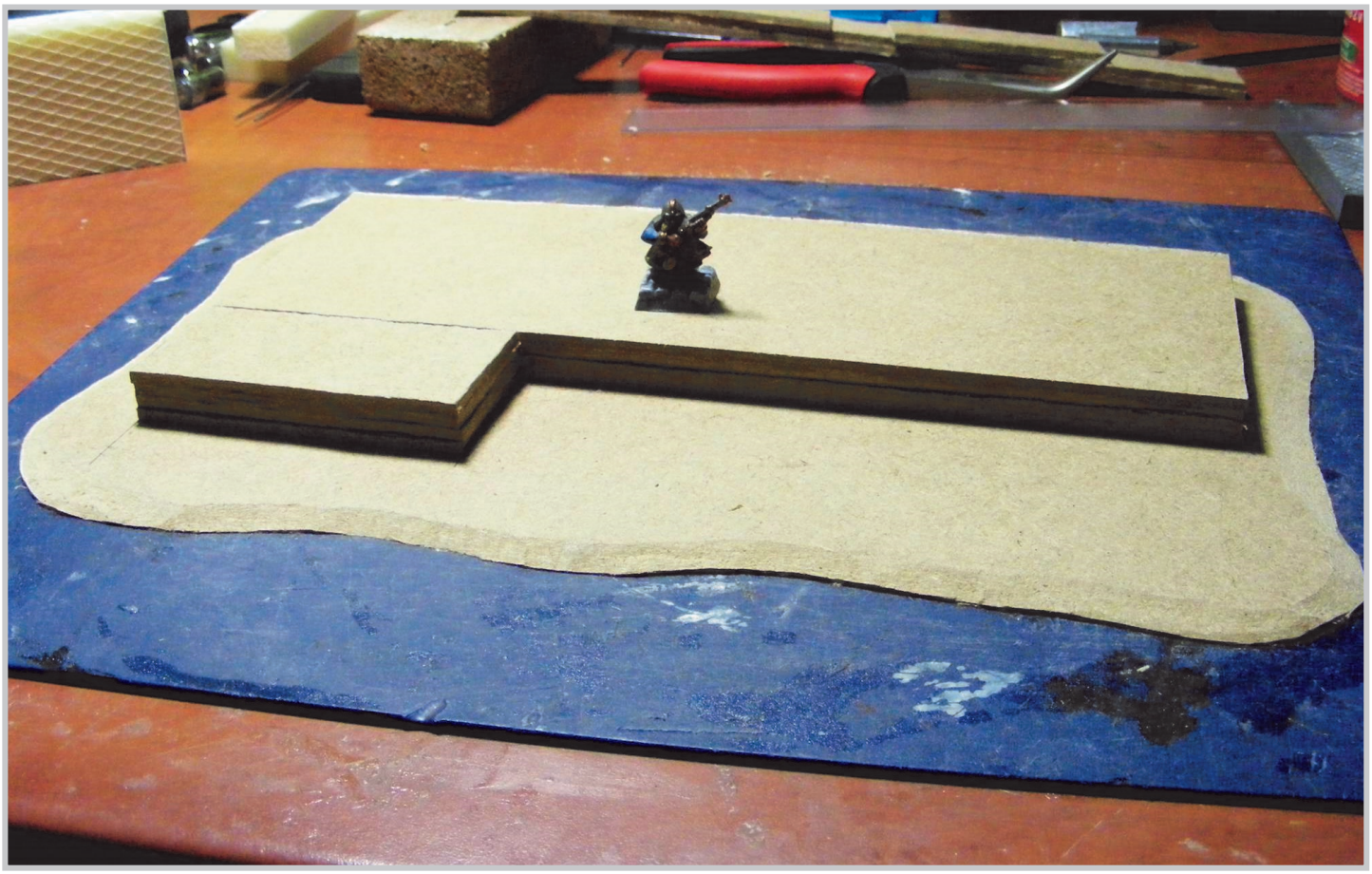
So what they do?

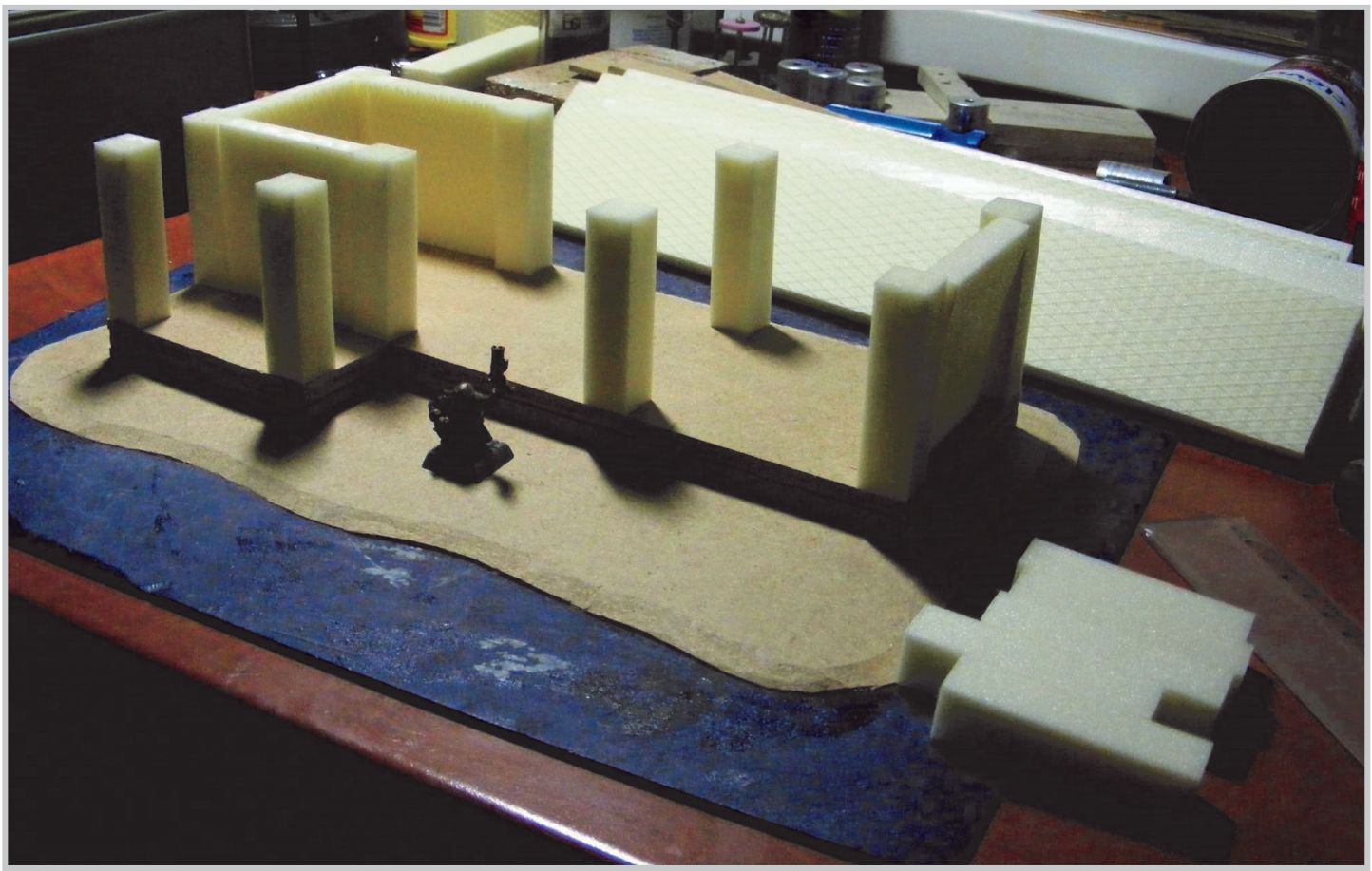
Simple.

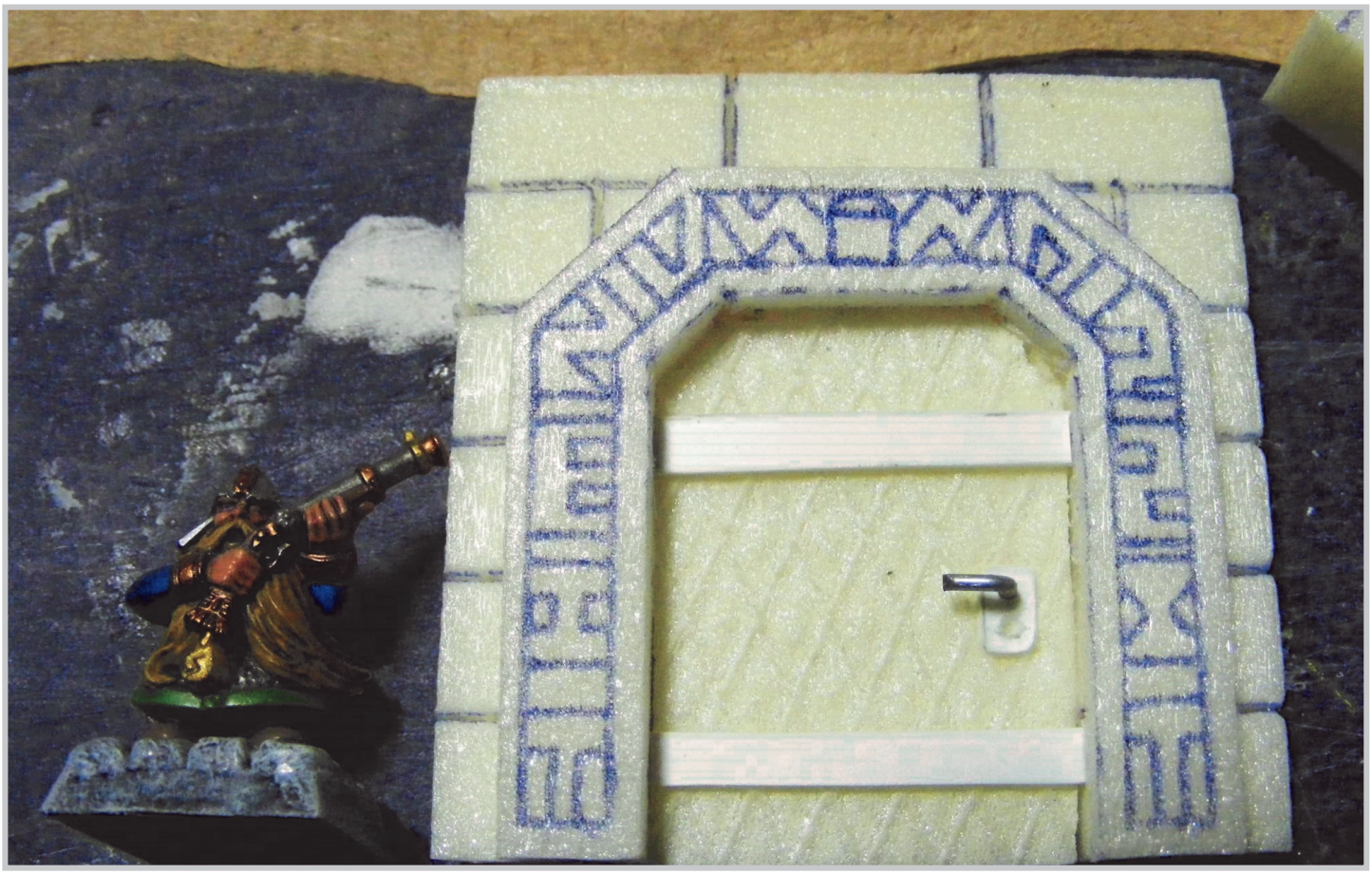
They build one!”

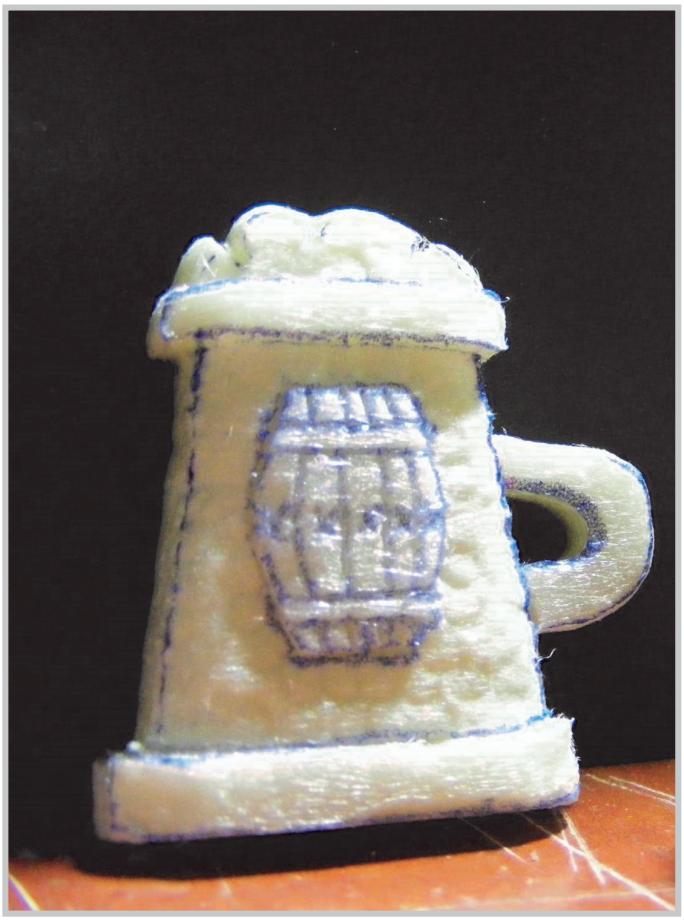


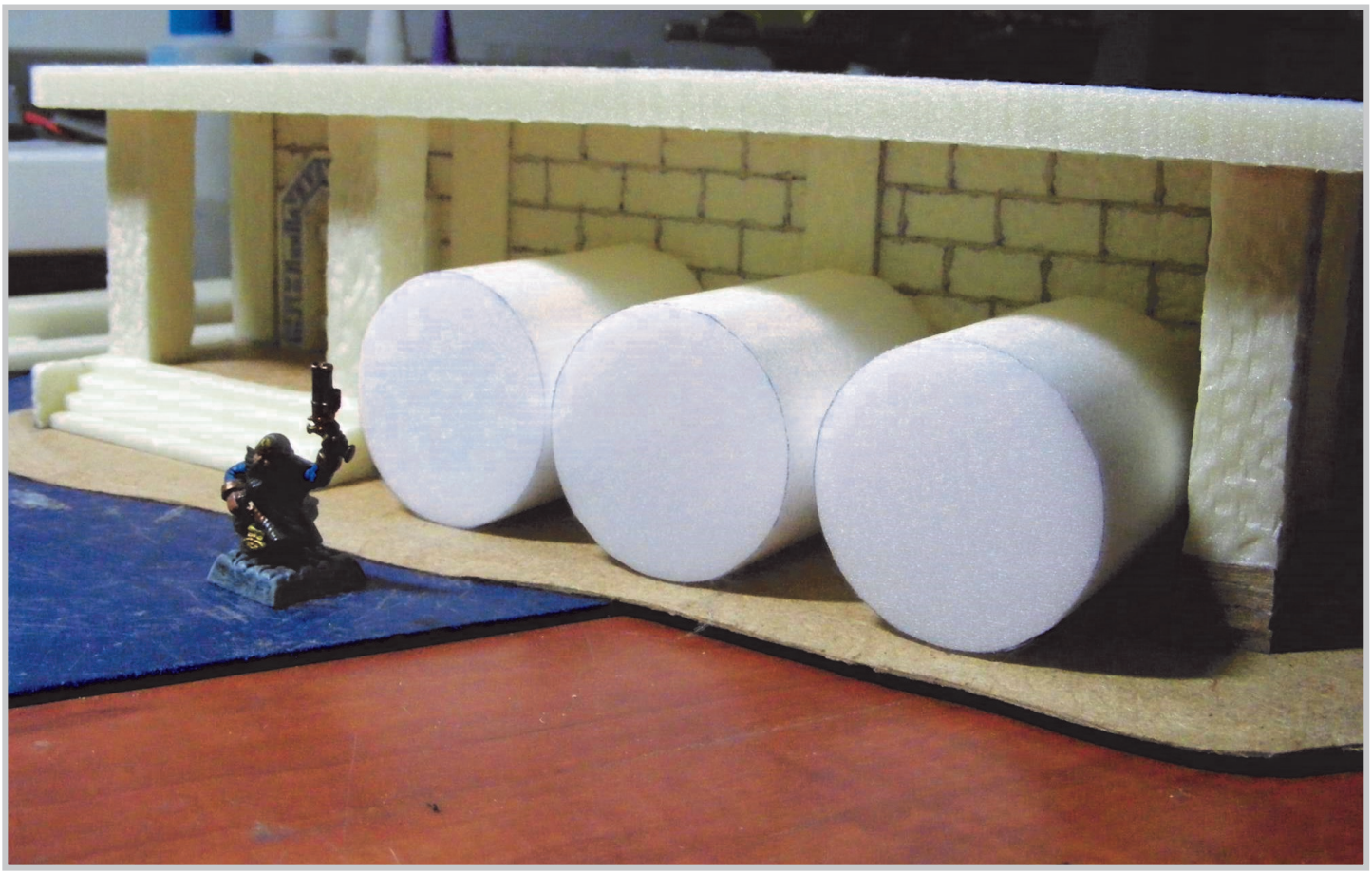


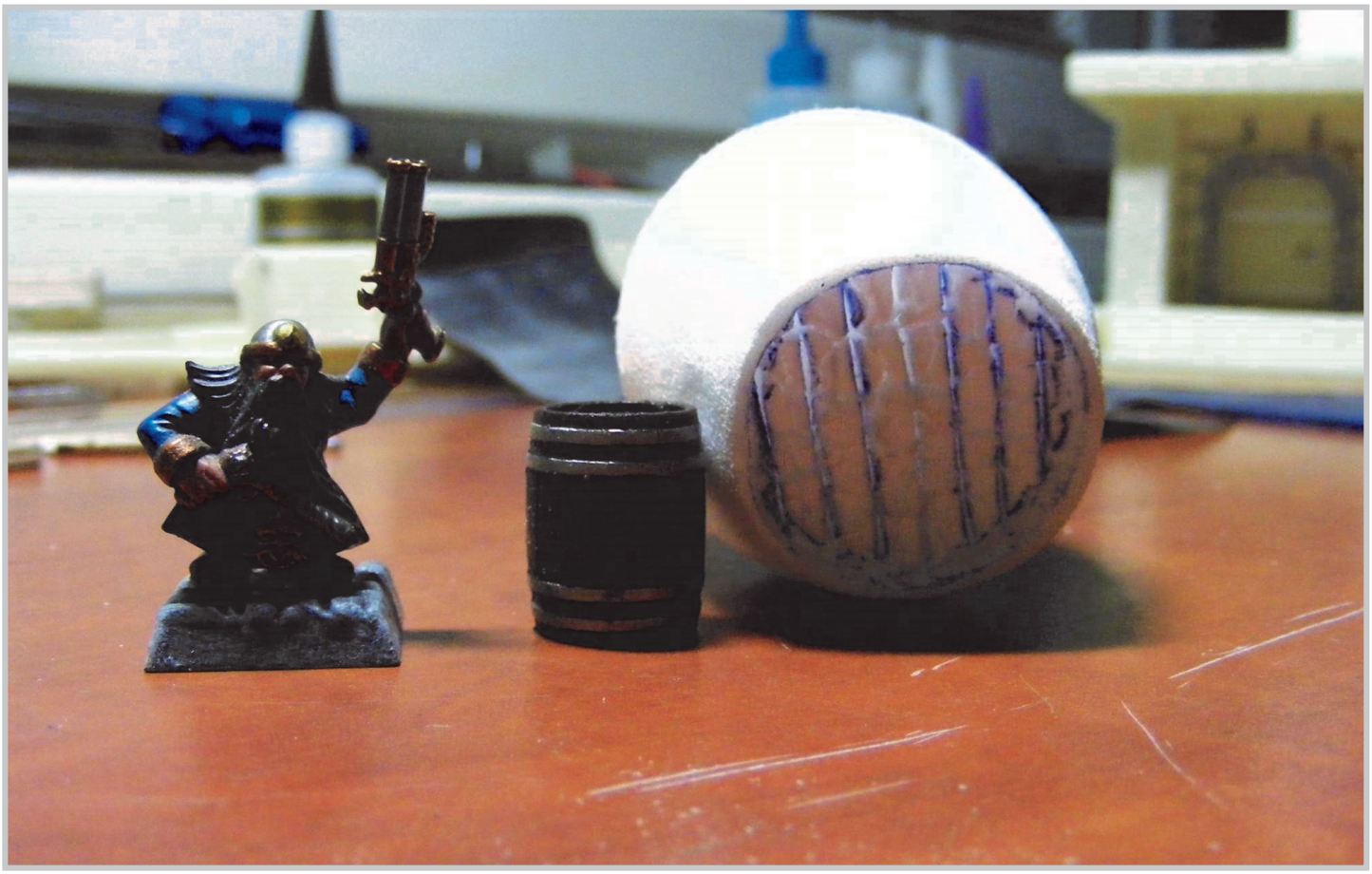


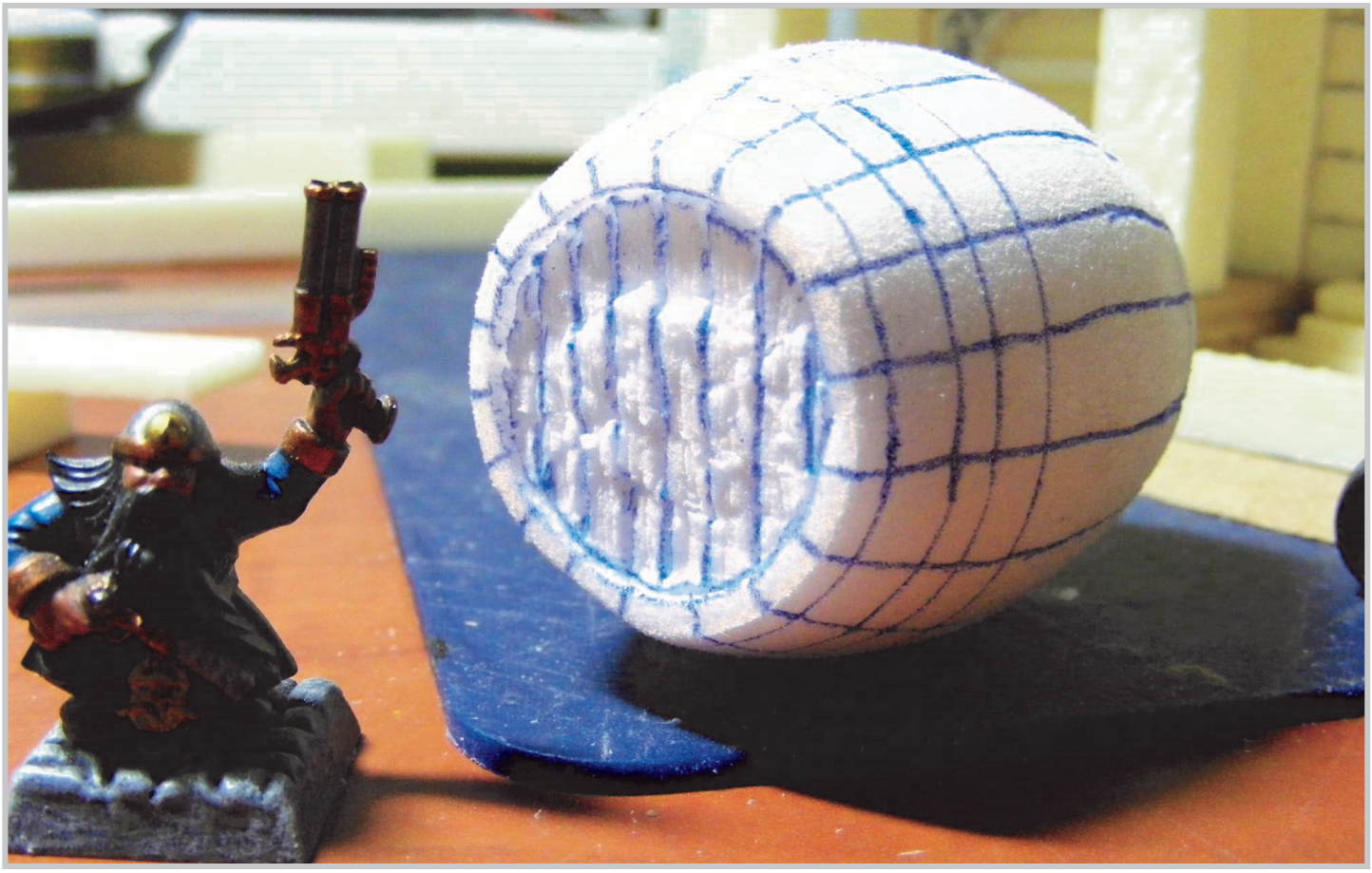


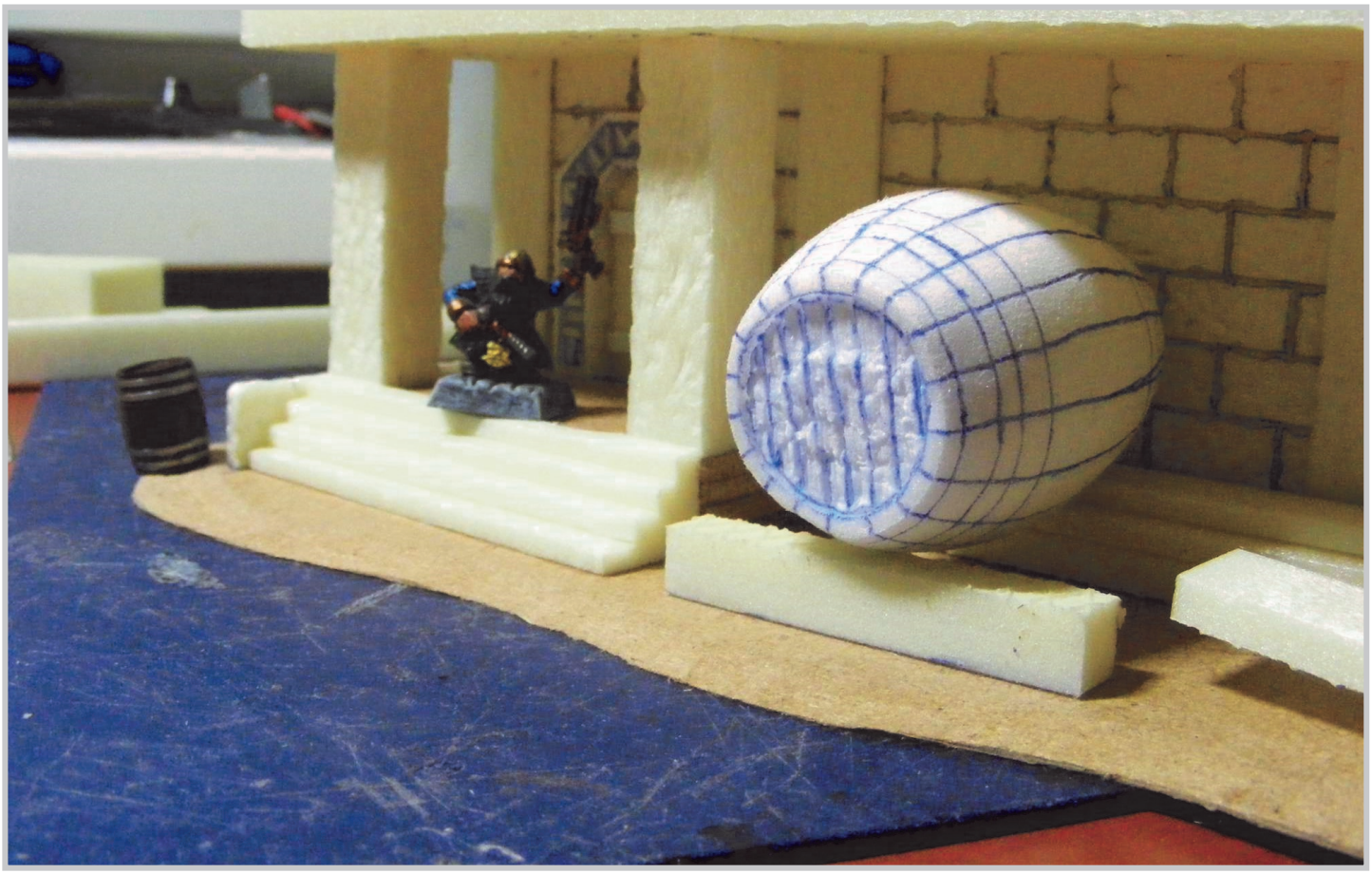


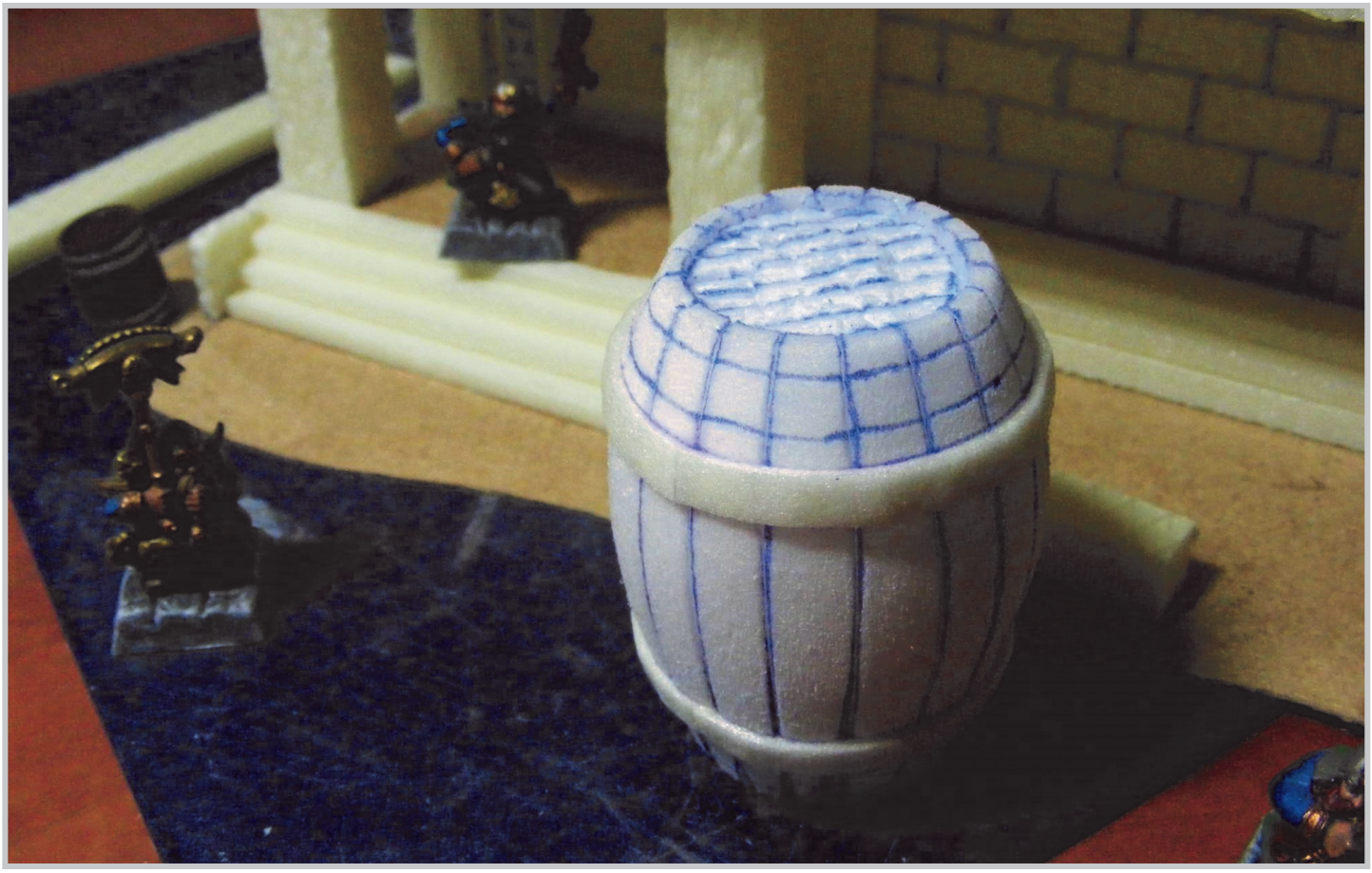


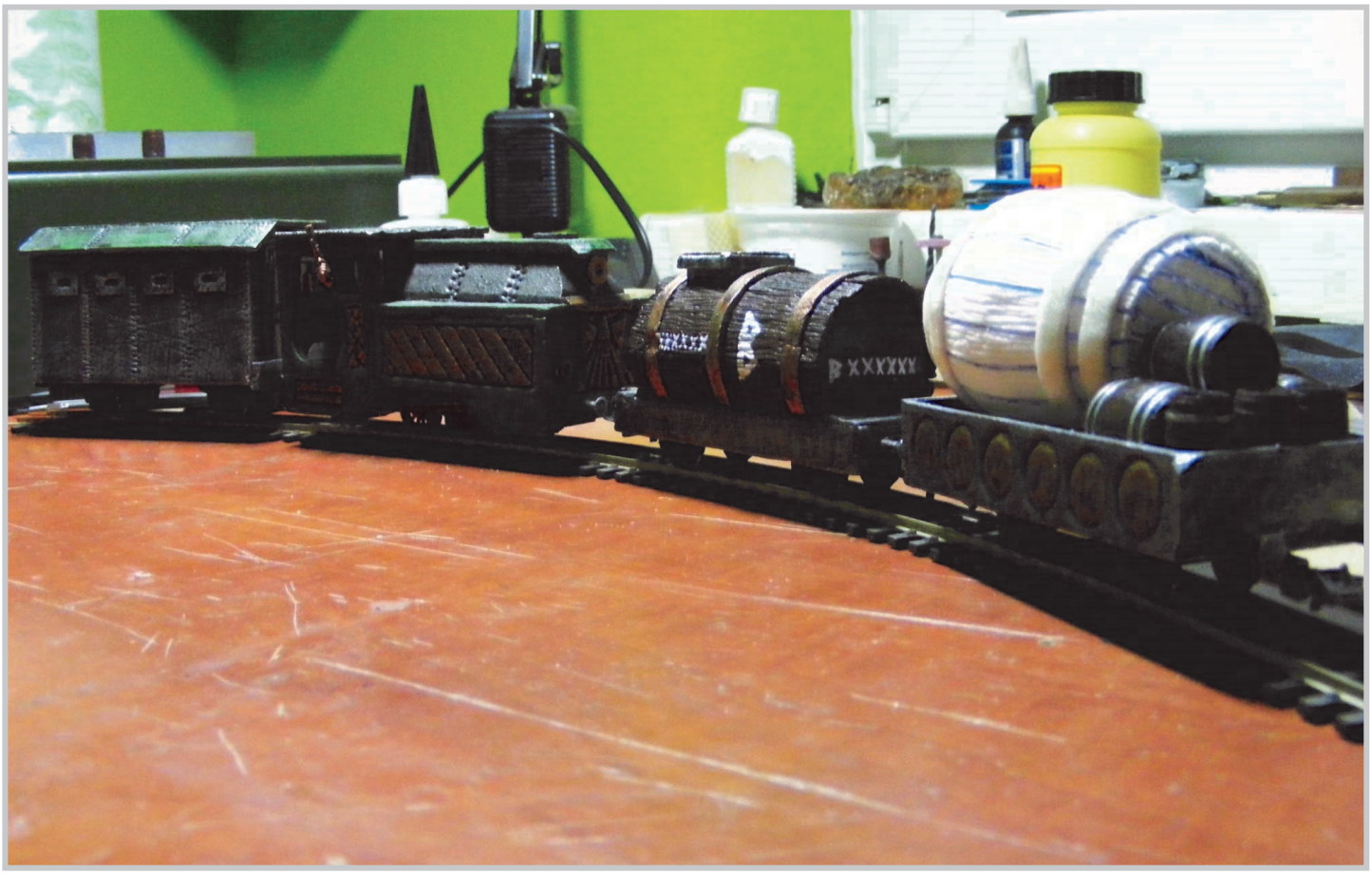


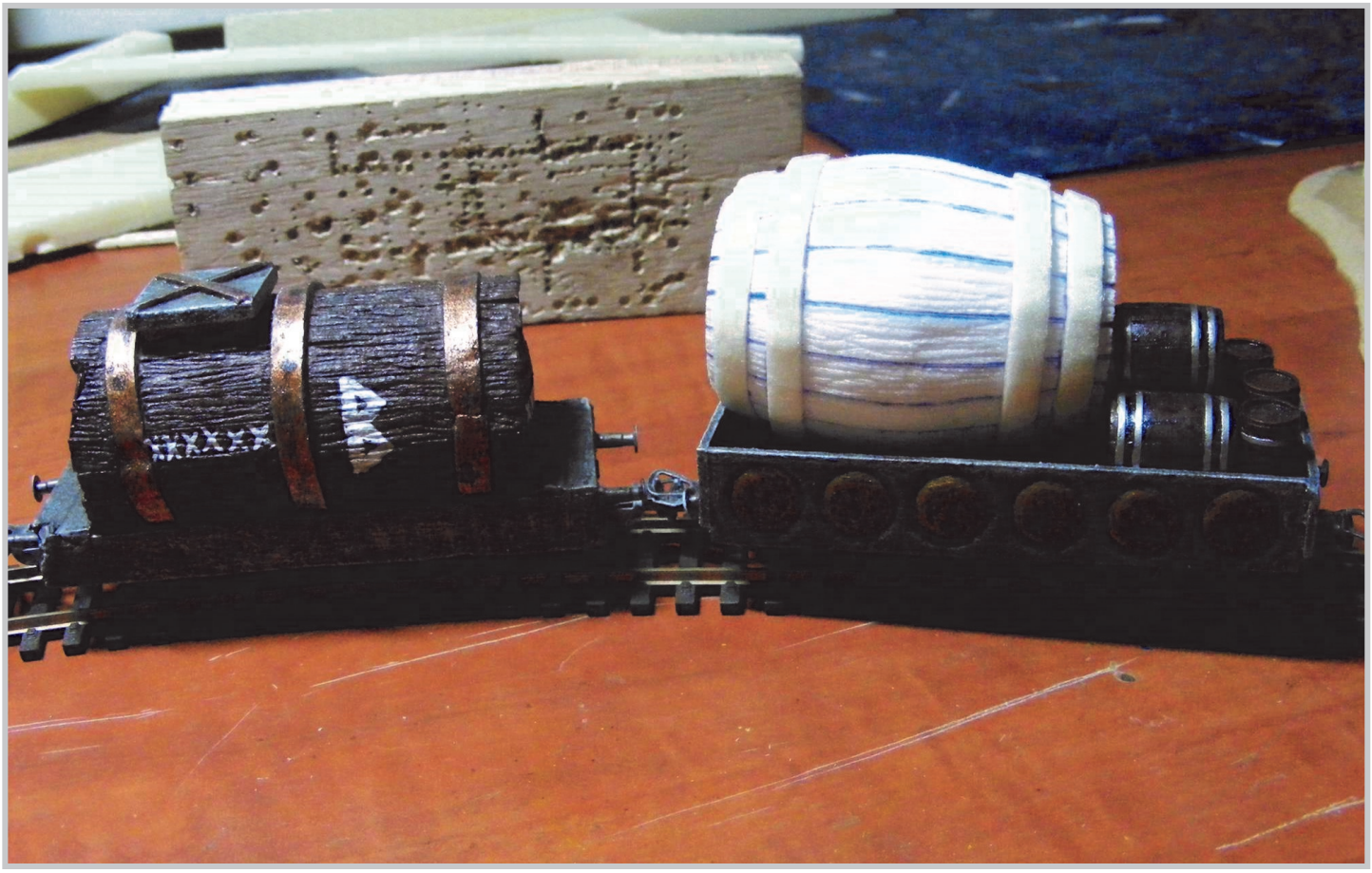


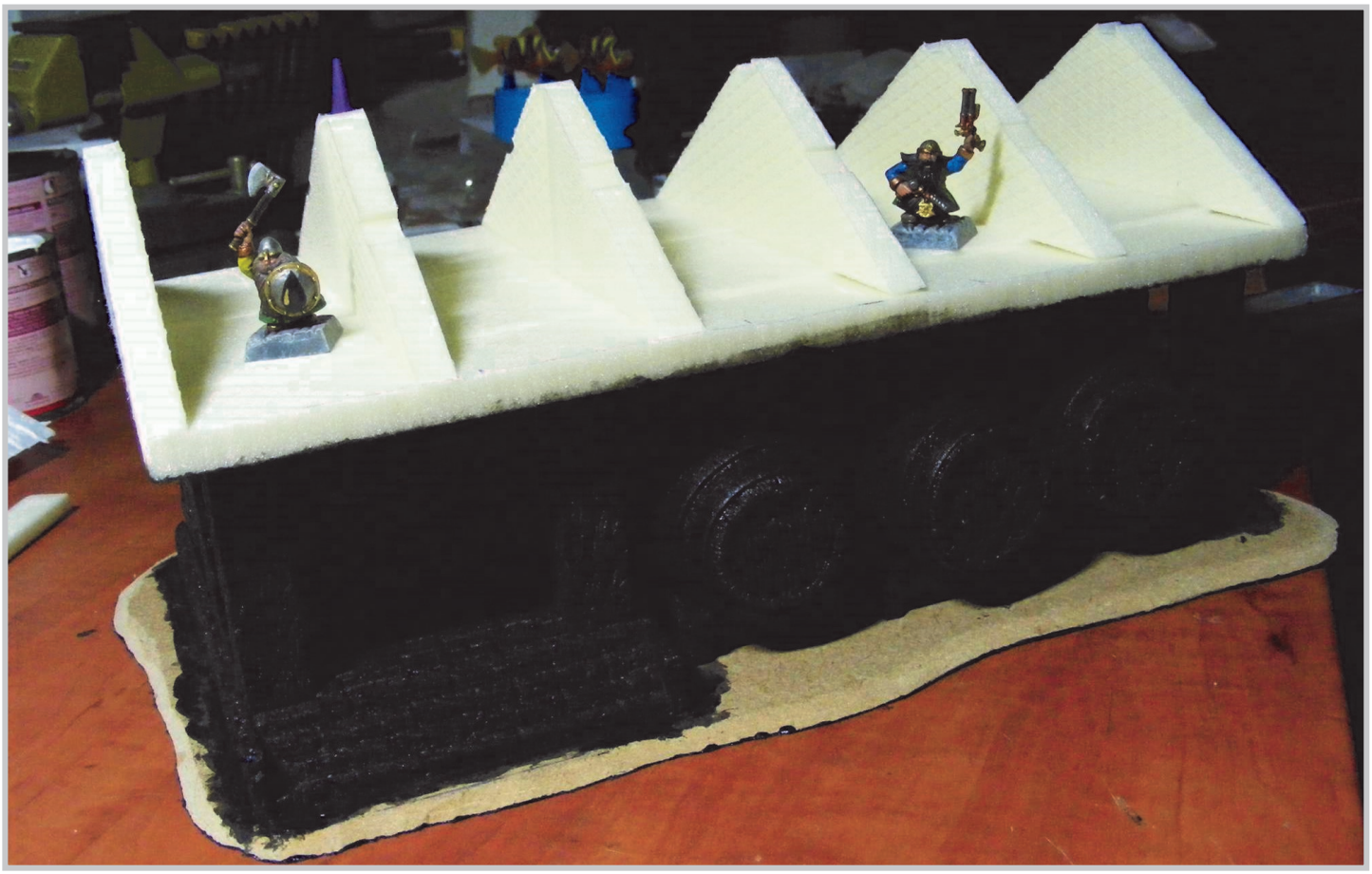












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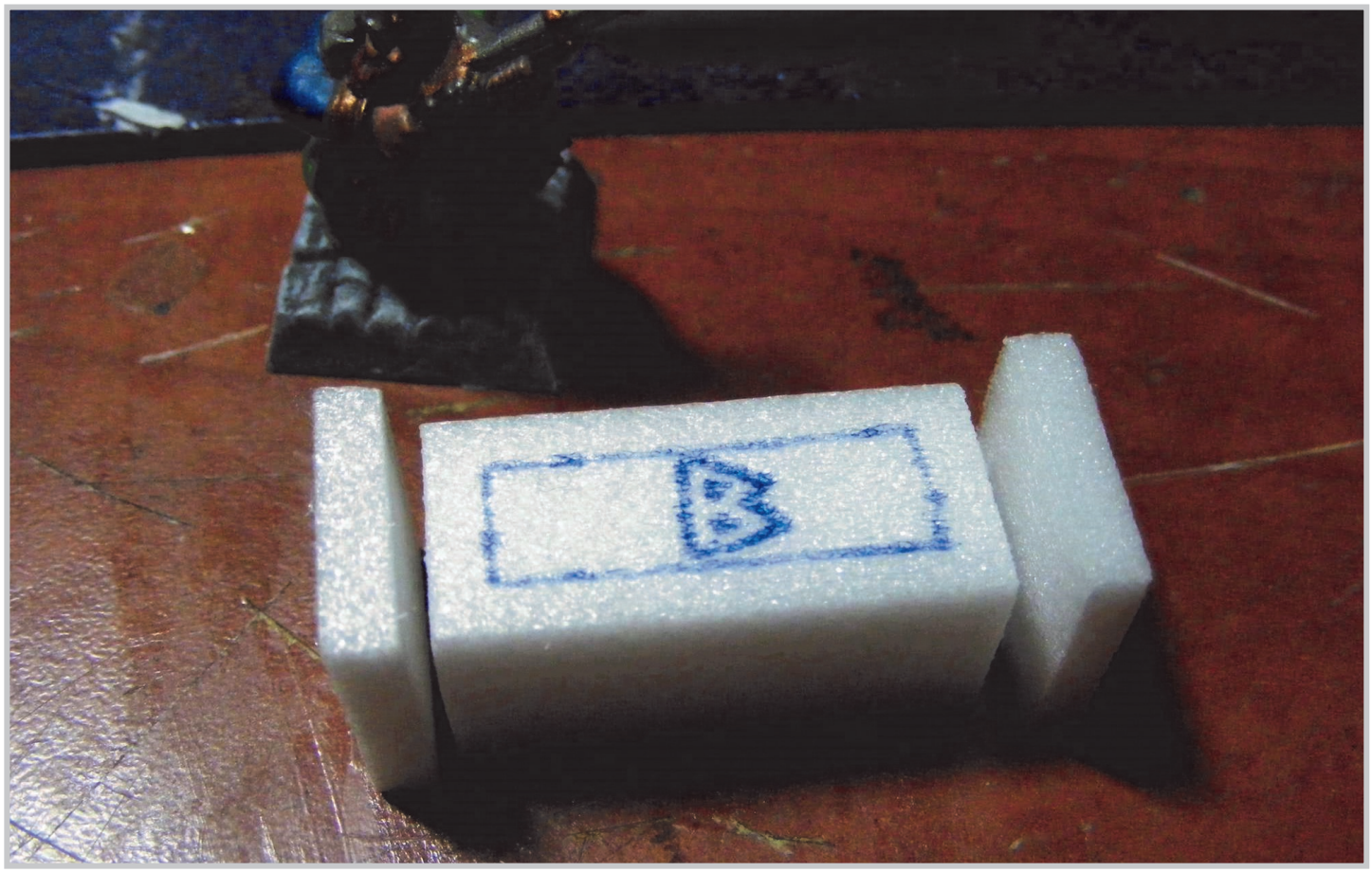

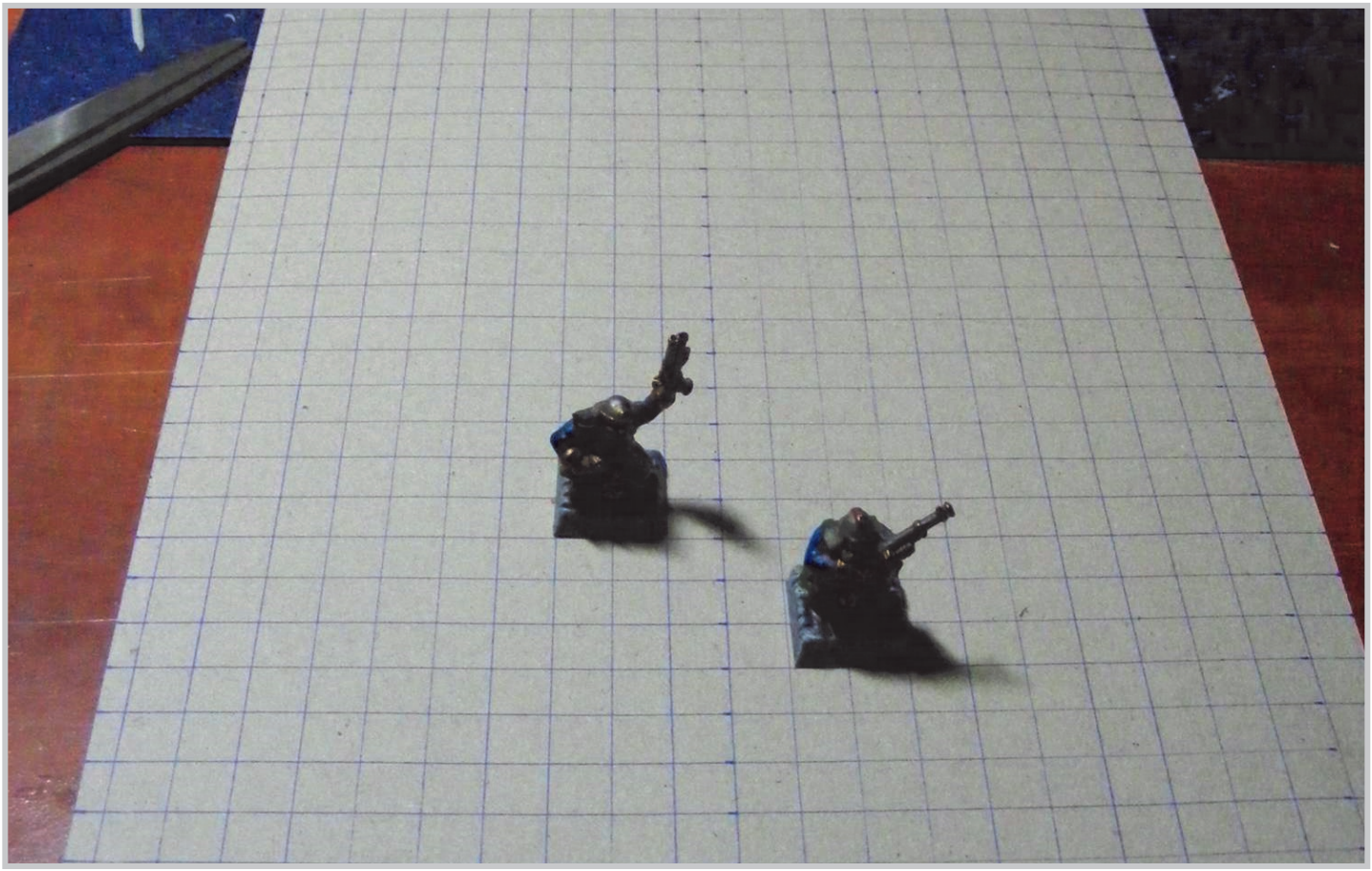

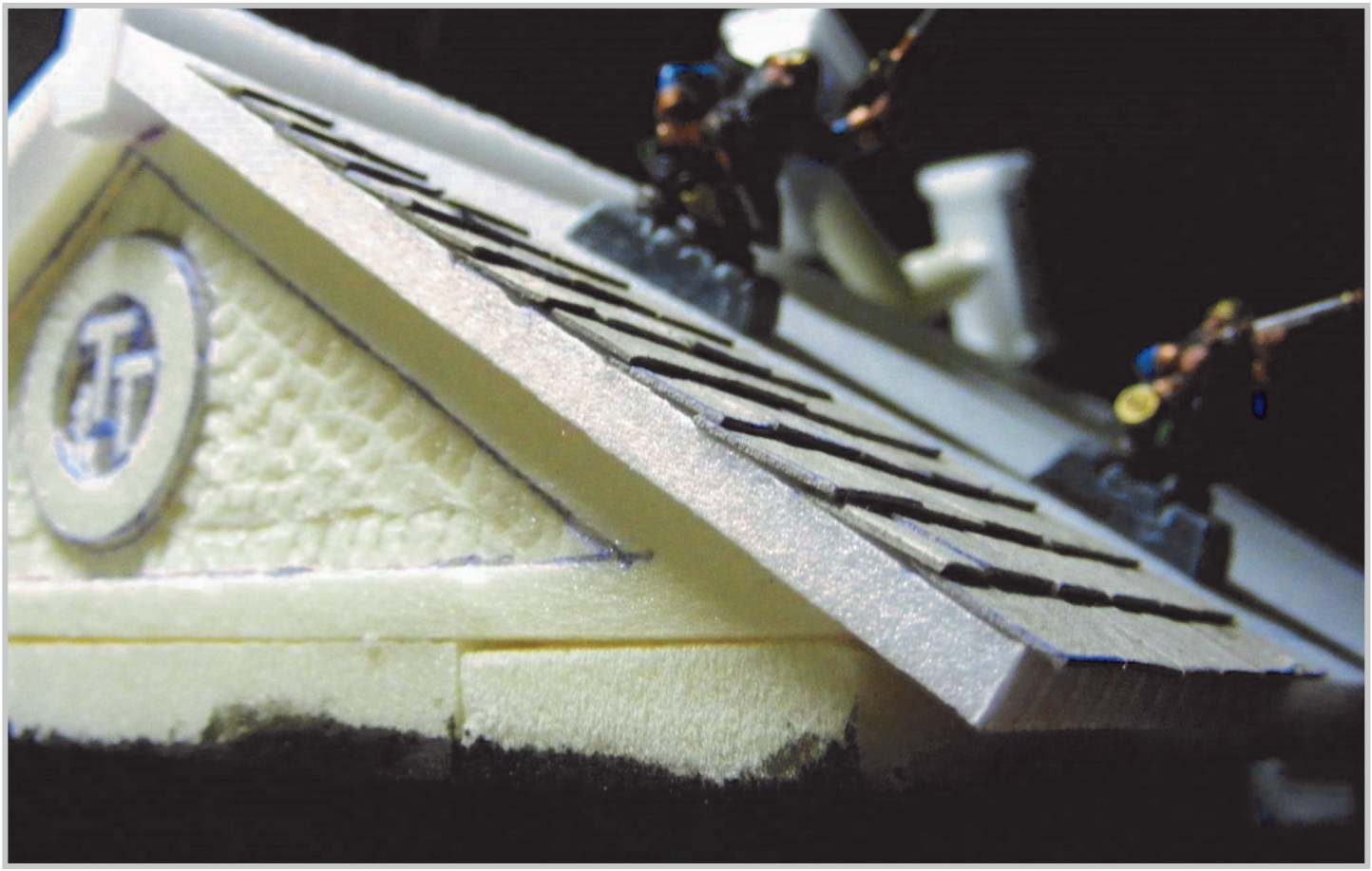

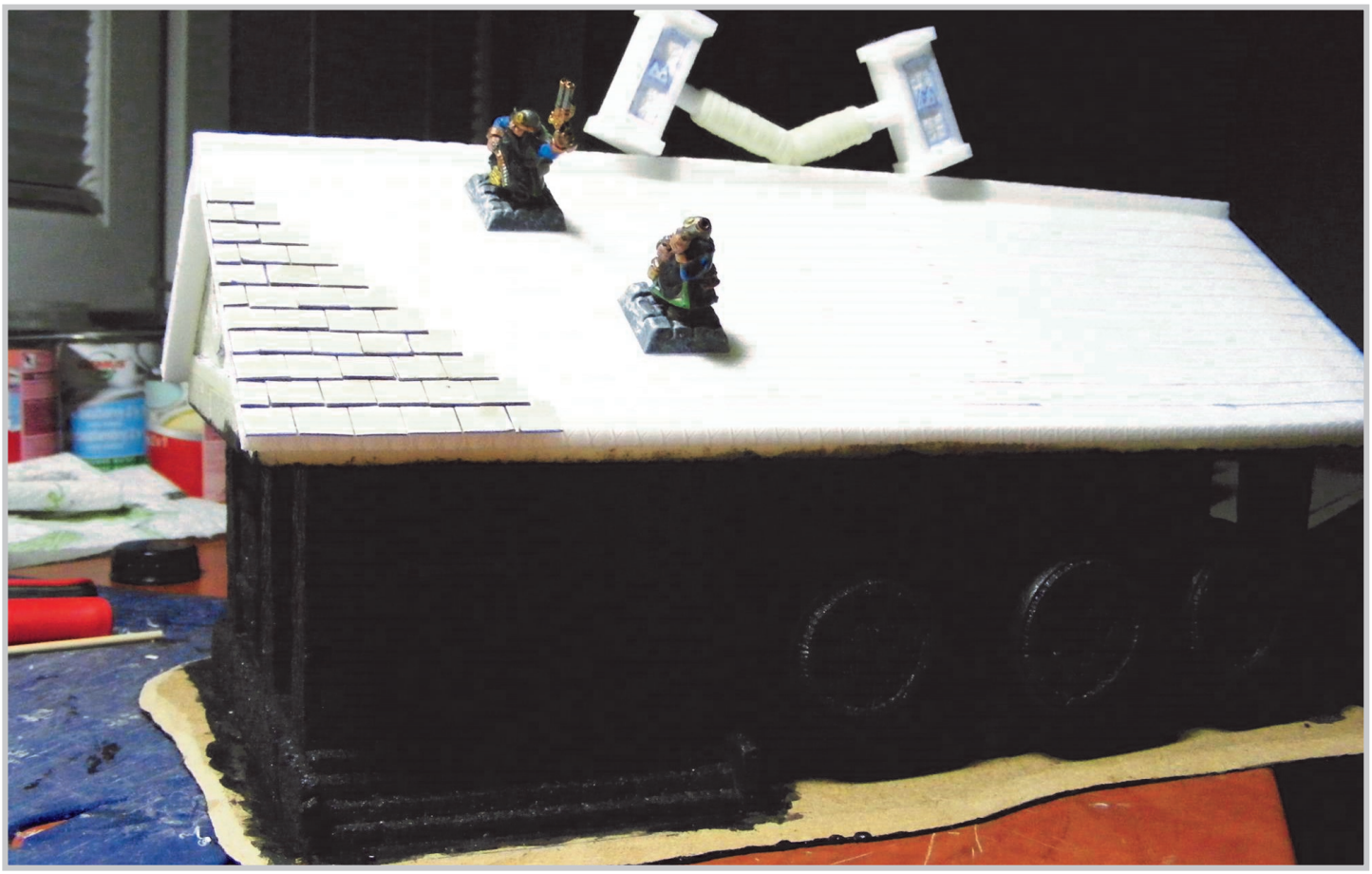

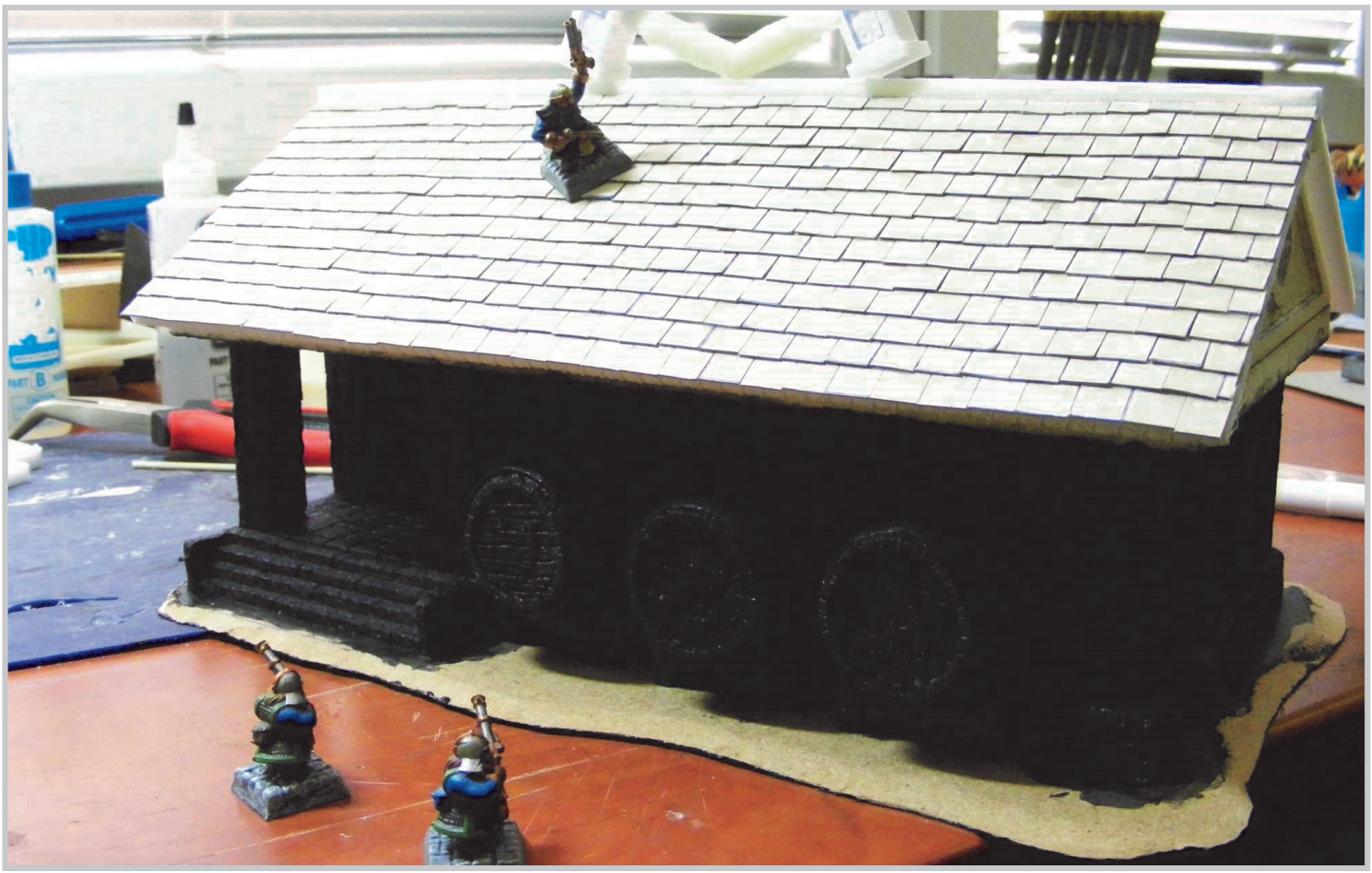

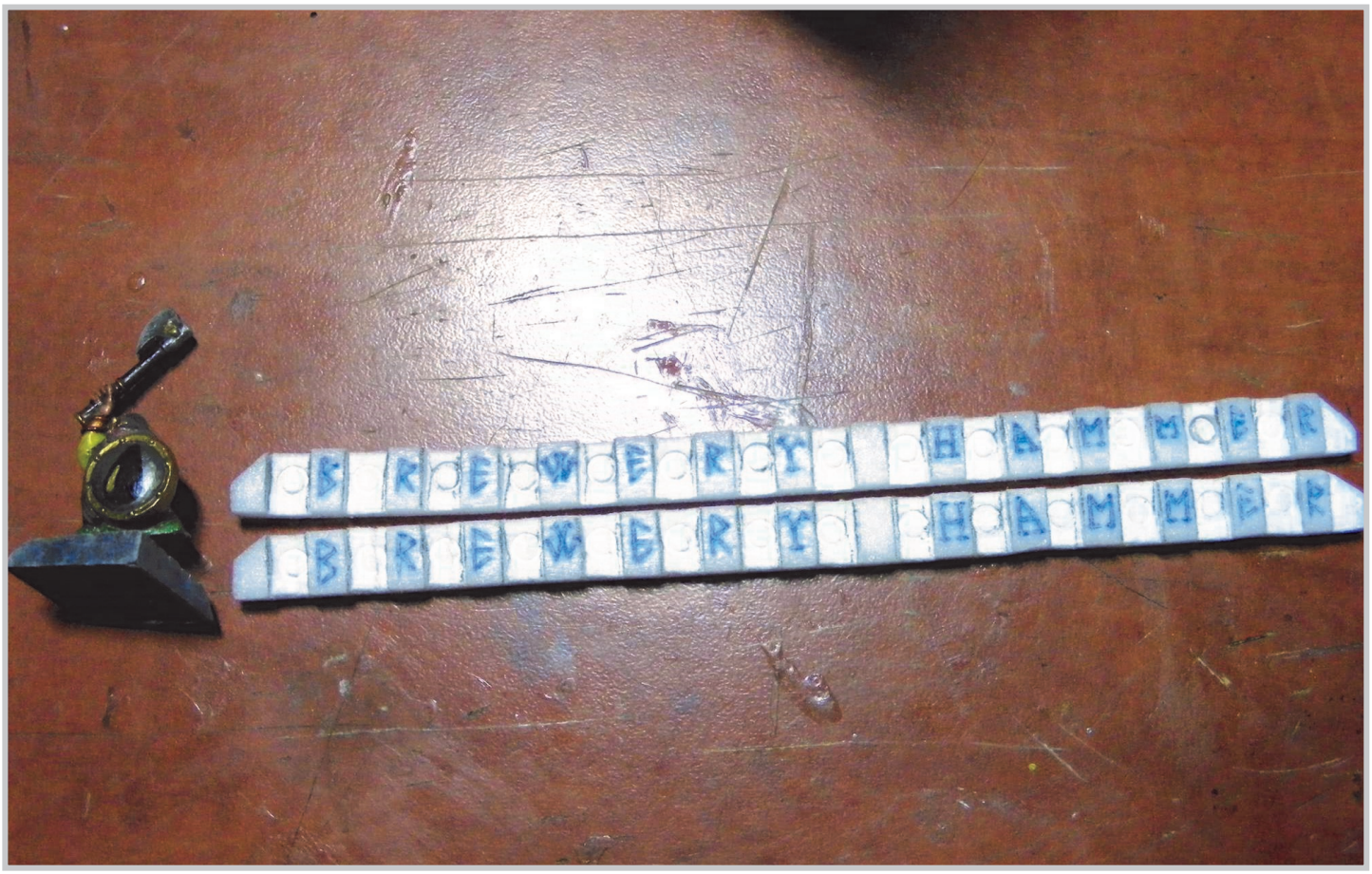
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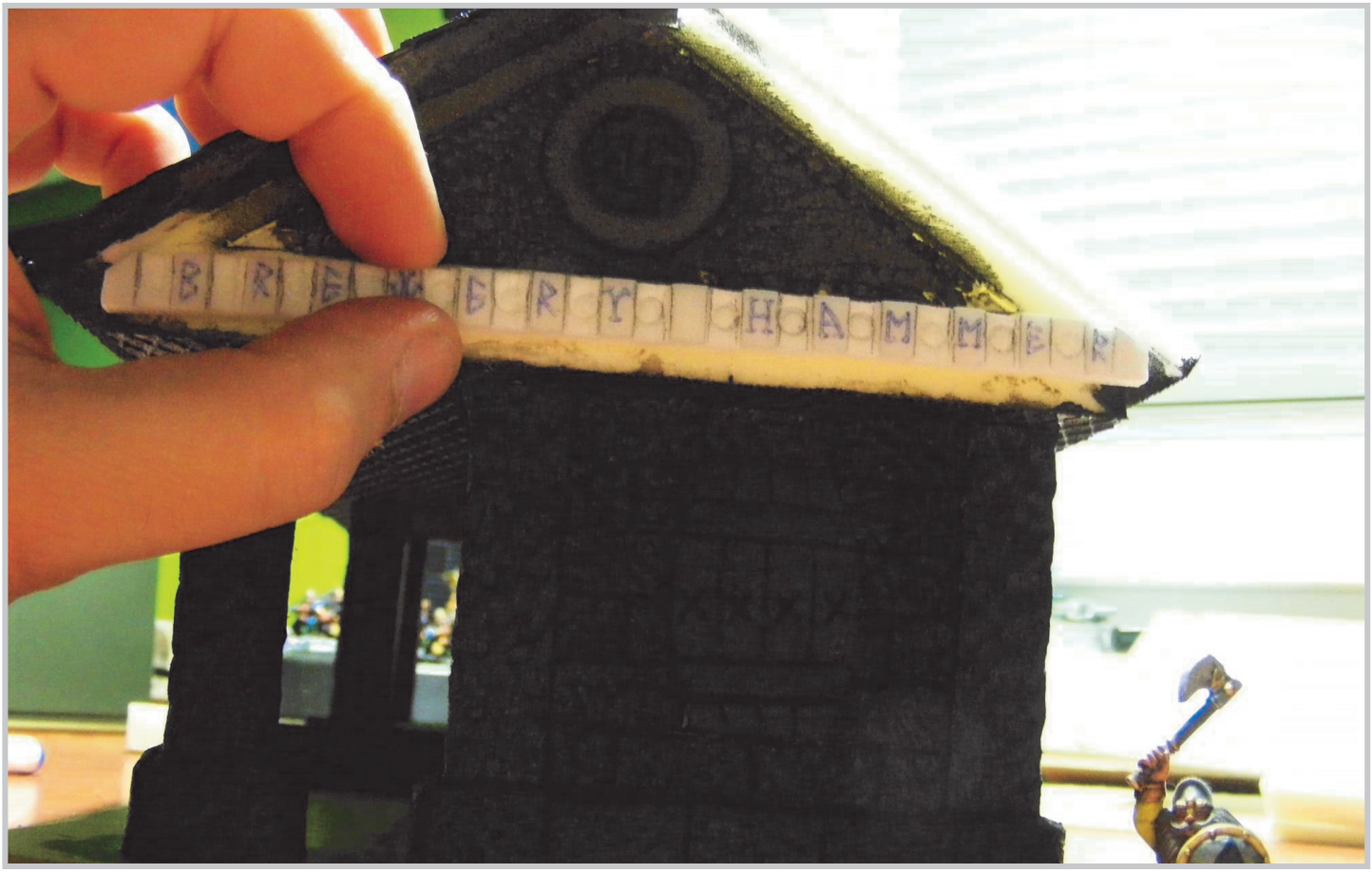
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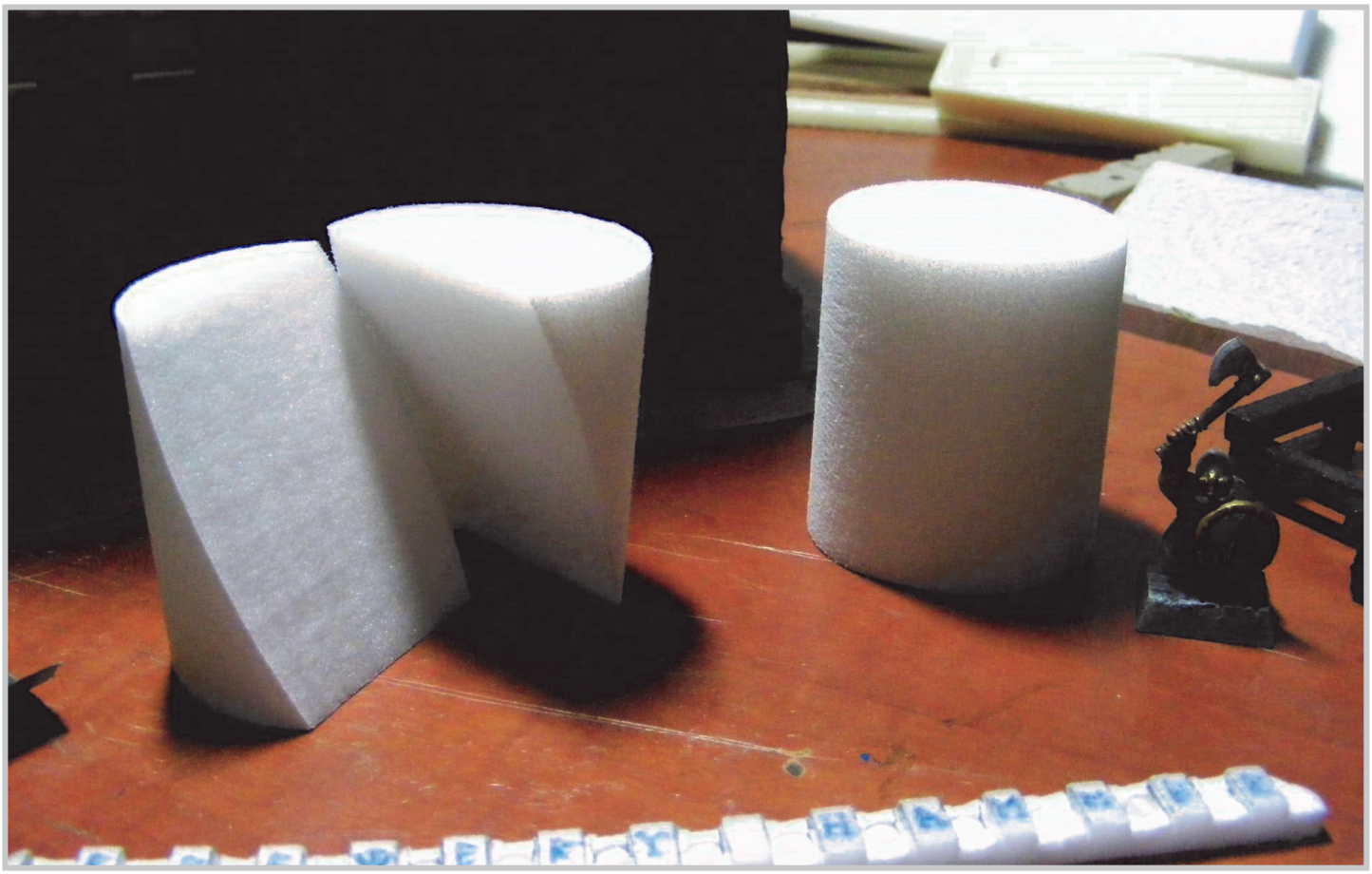

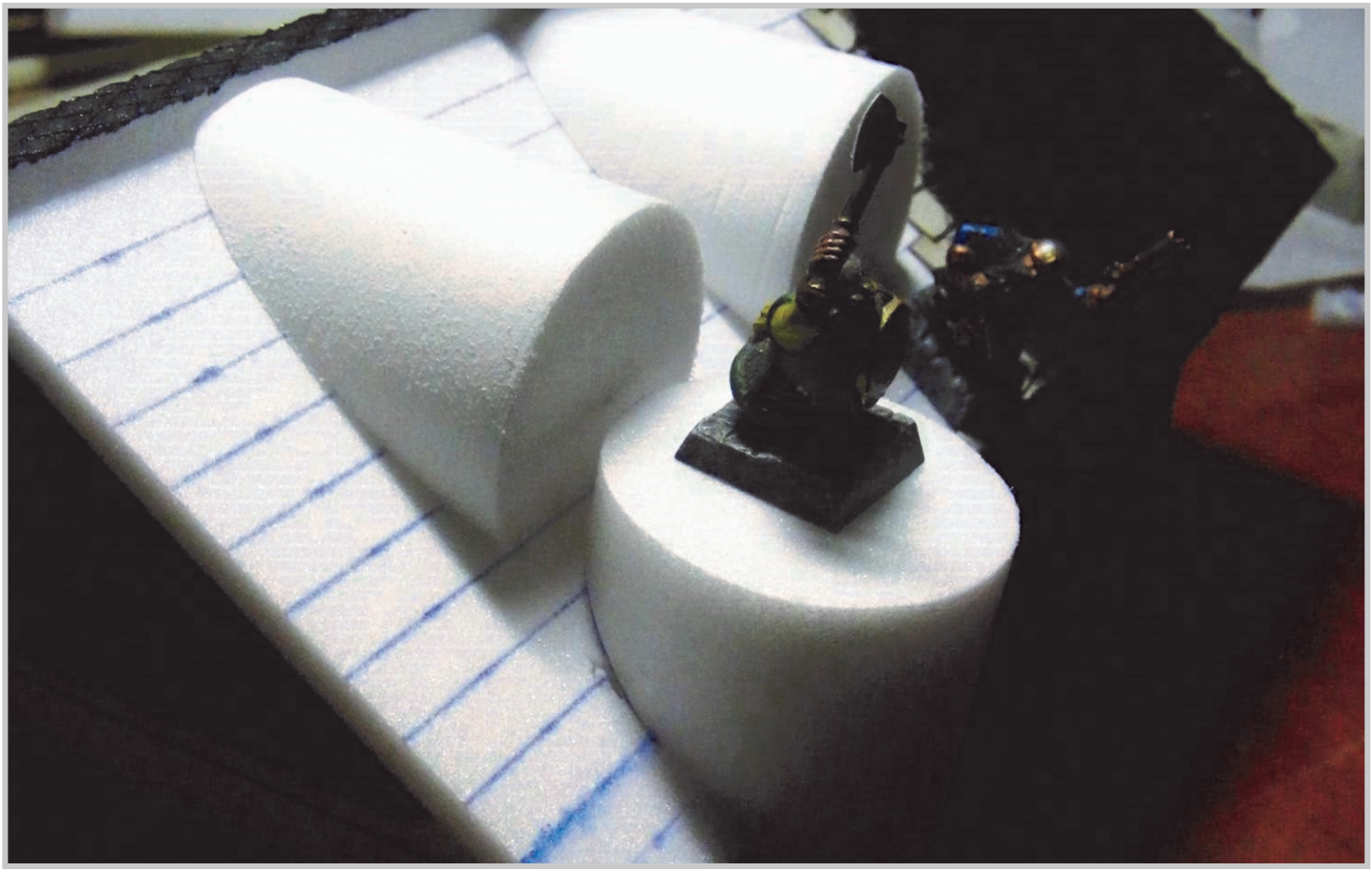

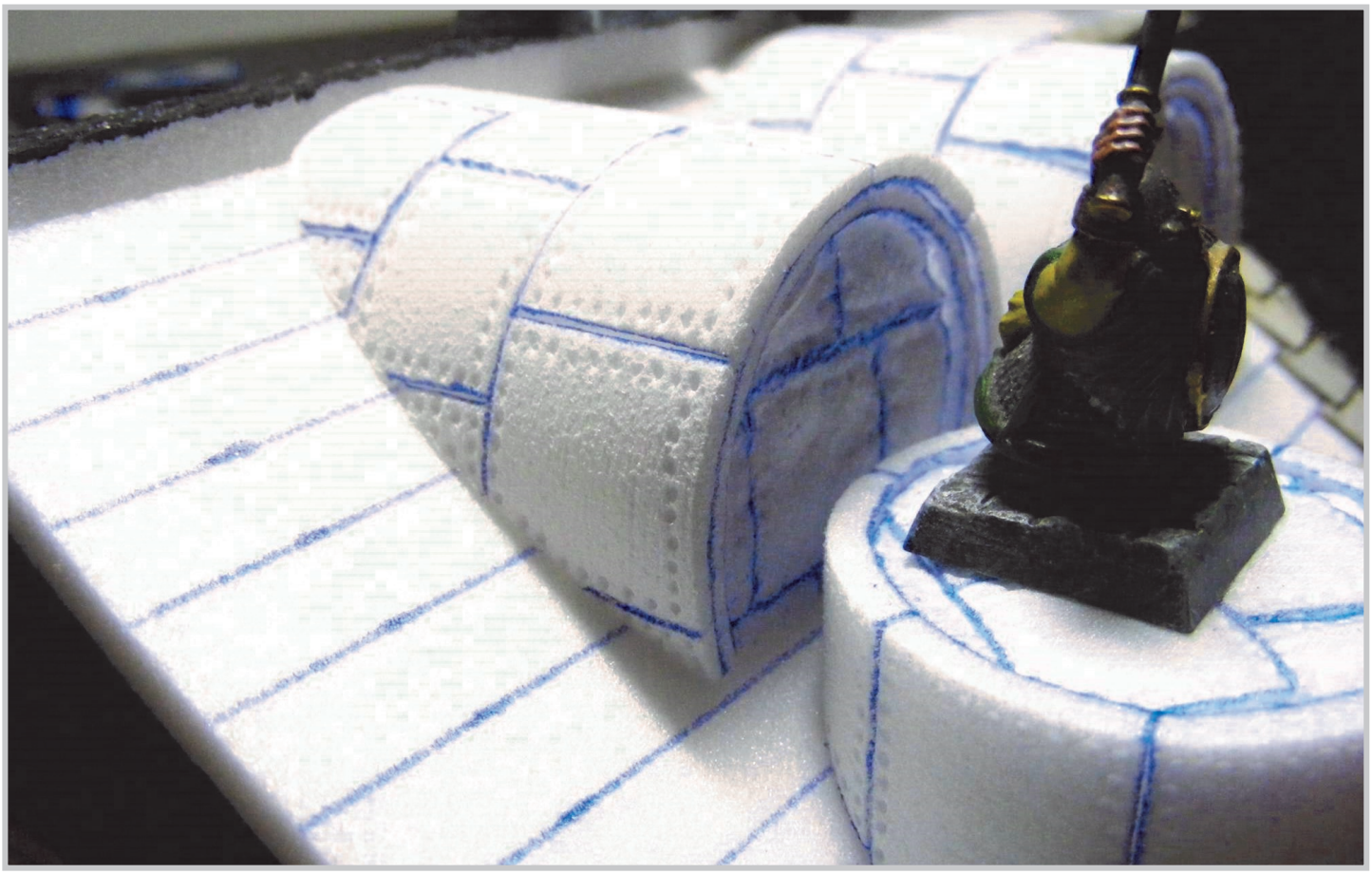

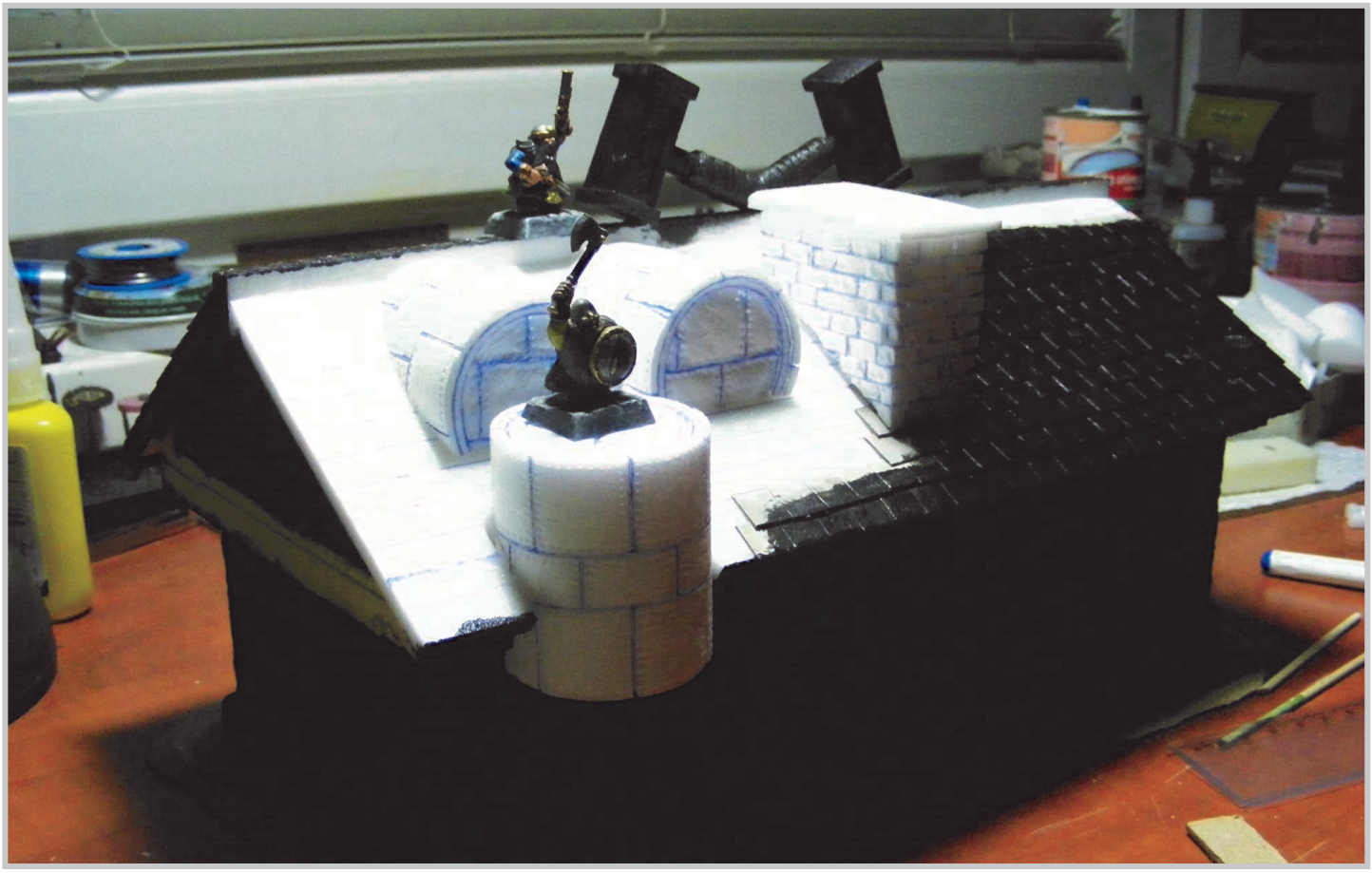

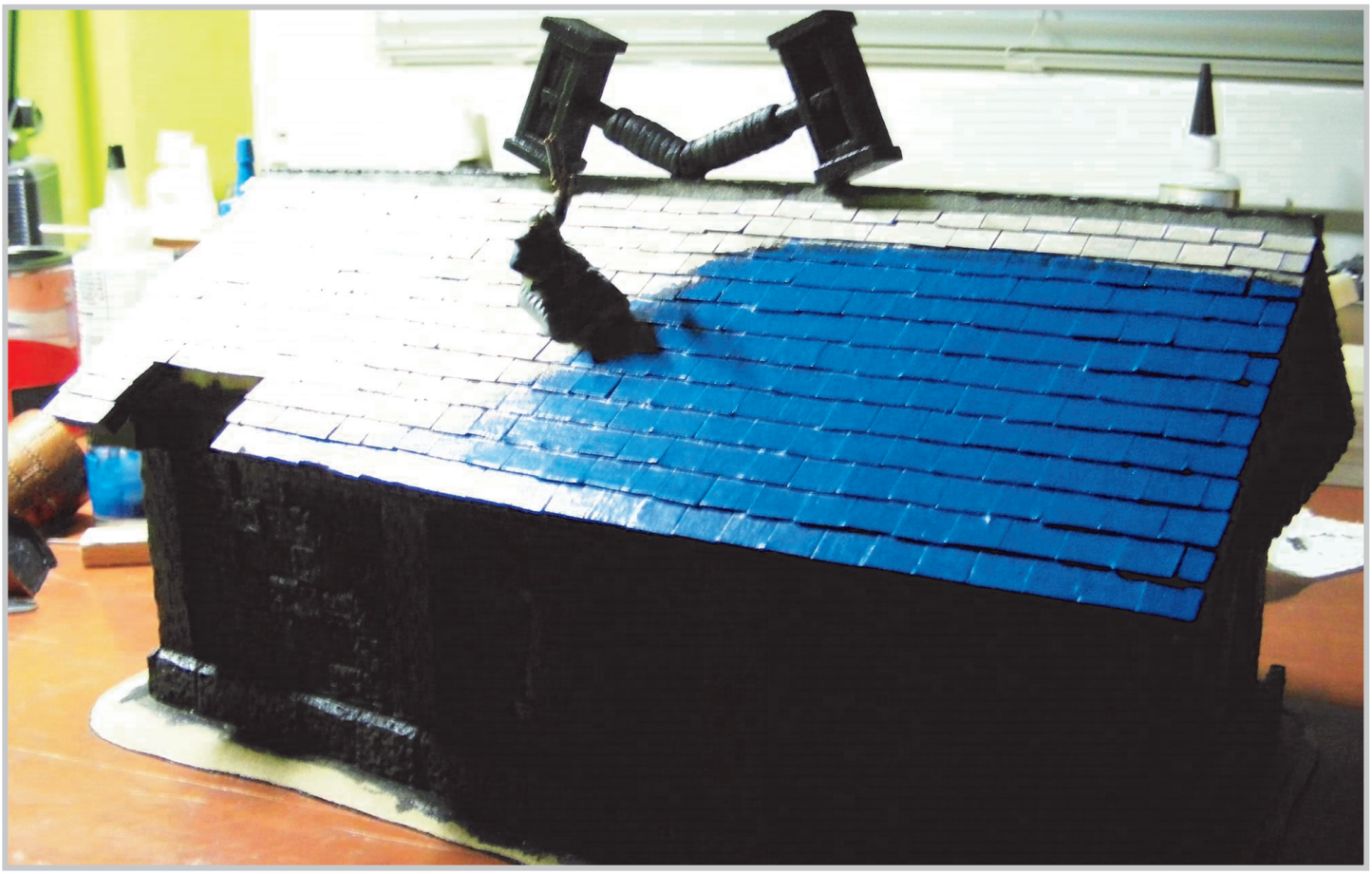

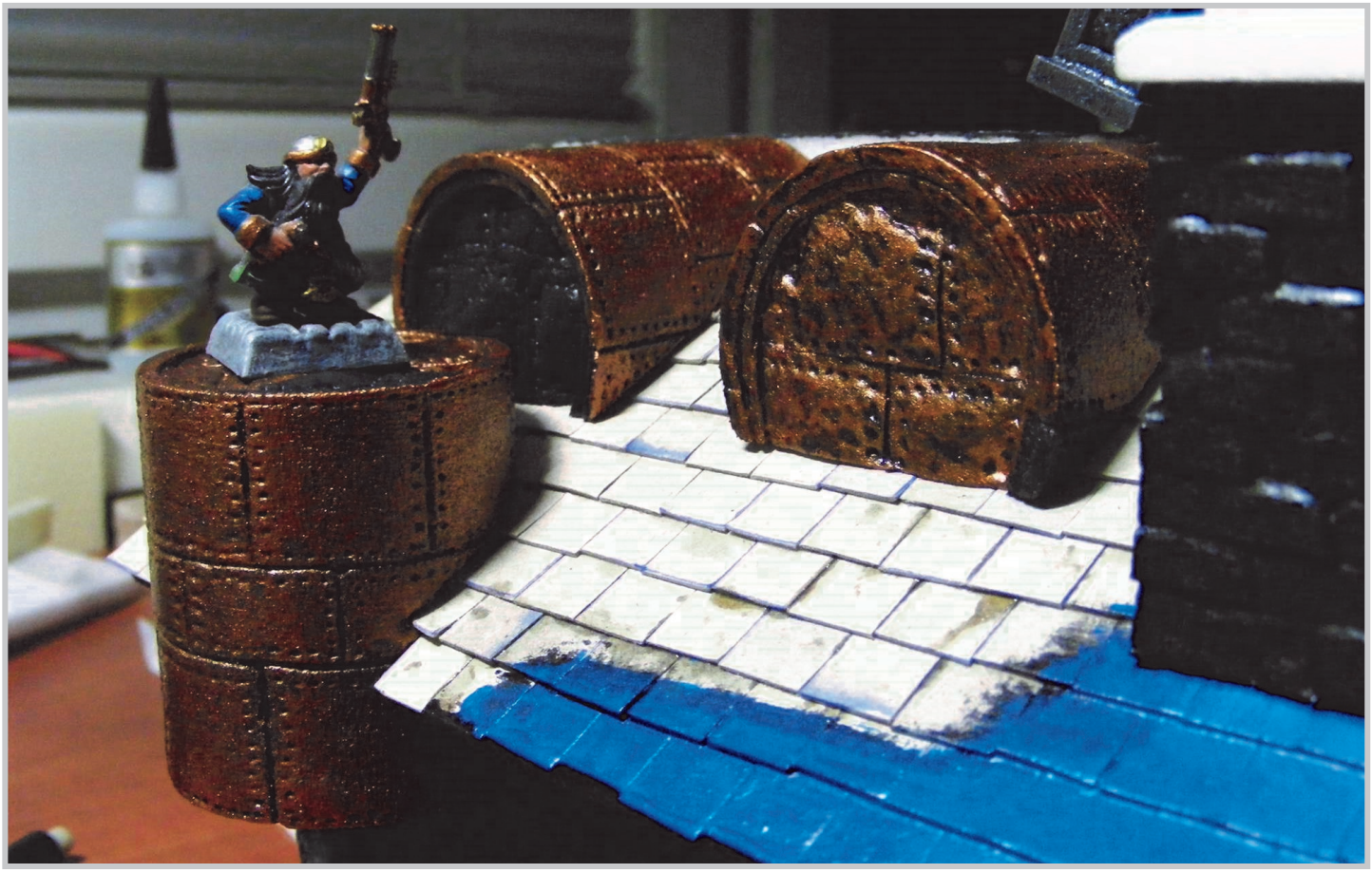

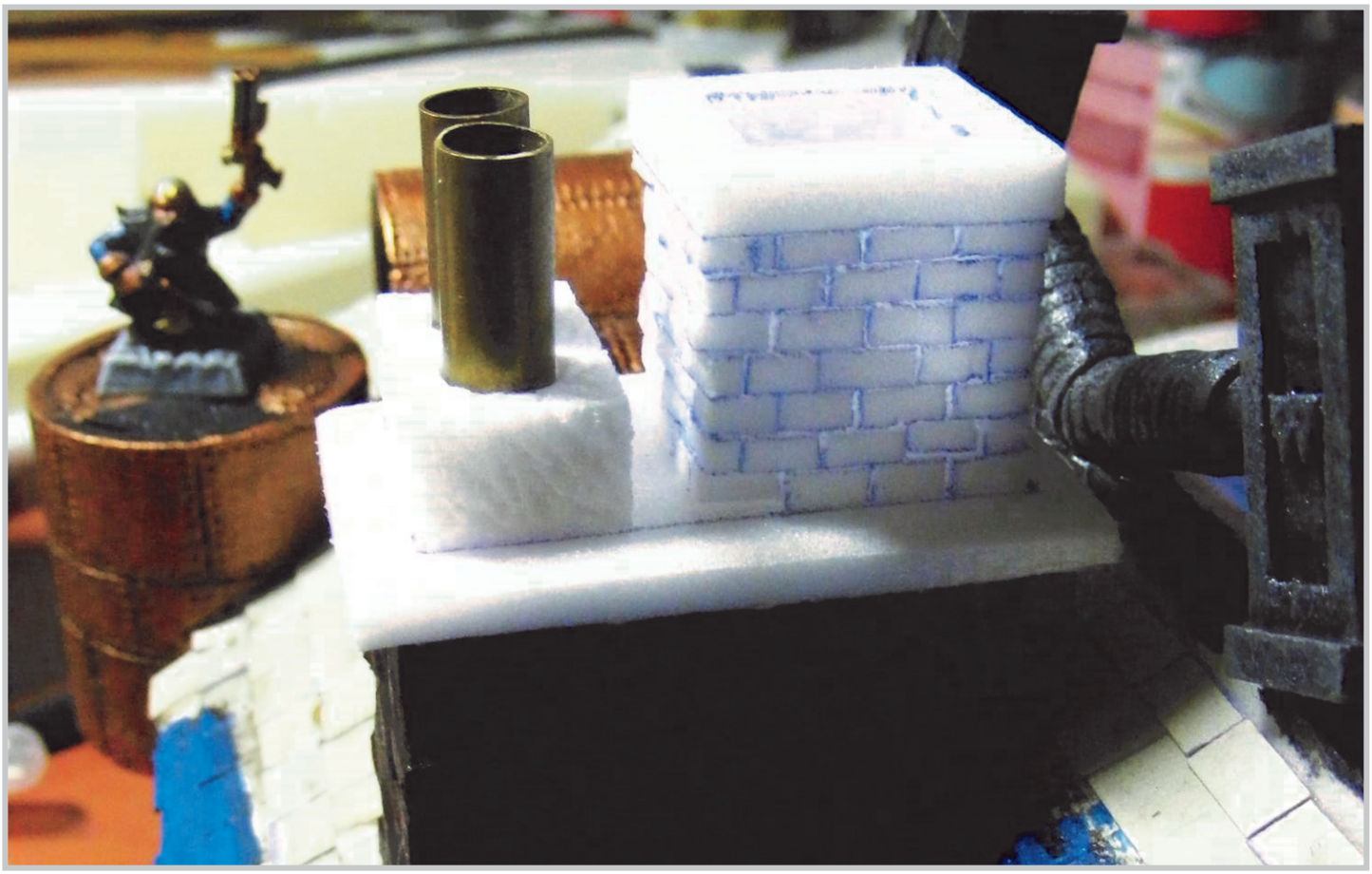

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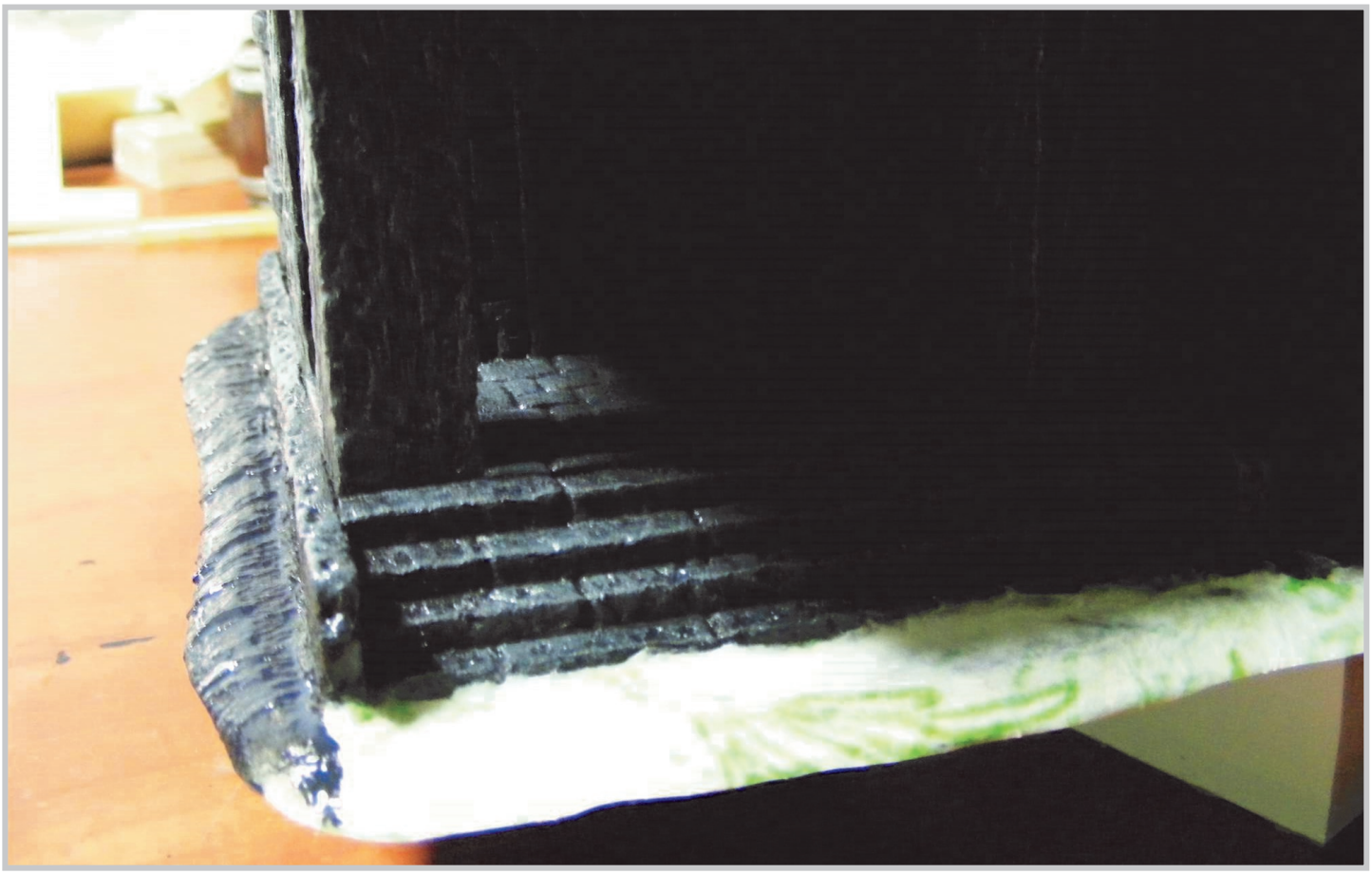

SICO
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DEADZONE
THE CLEANSING

PART SIX

By Matthew Lindsay

Dramatis Personae

- *Rylor Ings, Enforcer 8th First Recon Response*
- *Annika Sanne, 'The Fourth', Enforcer 8th First Recon Response*
- *Caelum Augustus, Enforcer Captain of the Gorgon's Fury*
- *Celeste Allenova, Enforcer Interrogator of the Gorgon's Fury*
- *Carthor and Voya, Enforcer Sergeants of the Gorgon's Fury*
- *Roza, Kallon, Hath, Shiqar, and Rarkov, Enforcers of the Gorgon's Fury*

Enforcer Shuttle GF02
Location: Gamma Tau, Atmosphere.
07:00 hours Earth equivalent
6 minutes until drop.

The Stallion sped through the atmosphere, shaking as it met with the planet's atmospheric resistance.

This is it¸ thought Rylor. *Six minutes and counting.* The lights in the shuttle were a deep crimson, illuminating everything with a bloody glow.

And in six minutes they would turn green as the side door opened, and Rylor would again be treading the mud of the planet he hated so much.

Deadzone Enforcer Engineer by "C.M. Minis"

Deadzone Enforcer Captain by Jamie O'Toole

Gamma Tau had taken everything from him. It had almost taken his life. While he didn't wish for death he knew a part of him would welcome the release.

And about that, he wasn't sure what he felt. Sadness? Anger? Betrayal?

Something more?

Or something less?

A maelstrom of emotion, of love and hate, was coursing through him, twisting his veins and arteries with each violent jerk of the heart, pumping the blood, the blood –

Silence.

Rylor cut his thoughts dead. He performed the breathing exercises he had been taught, a meditative state to cleanse the mind and steady the flesh.

He had not lost everything.

He was still alive, still breathing. He'd seen enough death to know that survival was the most powerful drive of any sentient being. Surviving was an end unto itself.

And he had a child, still. A daughter. How he would look at her ever again, and not see Annika, he would never know. How he would explain what had happened to her mother, he had not yet thought. He couldn't yet explain it to himself. *But that is not her fault,* he told himself. *Must she pay for the sins of her mother?*

Yes, the part of him that welcomed death said. *All we are is but the sins of the parents. The same wrongs perpetuate. The same hates. We all must pay.*

And this voice, this emotionless, nihilistic voice, would not be silenced.

Rylor opened his eyes and looked around him. Celeste sat beside him, gently rolling a knife in her palm. Kallon, the Enforcer Celeste had berated in the briefing, sat across from him. He was heavy weapons it seemed, his armored bulk a mobile bastion built for combat. Rylor thought: *I suppose he's our insurance, should something go wrong.* Beside Kallon was secured a Genling variant tri-barrel; *a minigun in colloquial terms*. *How elaborate we name our instruments of death*. And Rylor gripped his rifle Nemesis tight.

He did not know the names of the other Enforcers but soon names wouldn't matter. All that mattered in the field was their assigned numbers.

Captain Augustus sat at the head of the shuttle, directly beneath one of the lights. The crimson washed over him, casting the Captain in hues of red and black shadow.

'Five minutes and counting' the pilot's voice crackled over the internal speakers. All about Rylor the Enforcers began to go about their own rituals, each honed into a fine art.

Everyone has a pre-battle ritual. Everyone. Some checked gear, a methodical approach to steel the mind. Someone said prayers, to steel the soul. Rylor wasn't a religious man, and it amused him that some Enforcers prayed, but he didn't resent those who believed. Whatever it took to get a soldier to fight was worth something. Some, he knew, even prayed to the Council. How they would feel about such deification was anyone's guess.

He unconsciously recalled the last time he had been present in such circumstances, and for a second, he thought saw Annika. *Then he did see Annika*. She sat in her usual place opposite him, the light casting a shadow across her, her deceptively lithe figure encased in armor. They must have missed her – but how did they miss her? – he saw her there, staring at him – she raised her rifle – he was too slow –

He blinked and she was gone, and in her place was Kallon again, checking his own weapon.

'Comm check' spoke a voice in his ear. Augustus. '01, Augustus, checking in.'

'02, Allenova, checking in,' said Celeste. *So that was her surname,* thought Rylor. *And a powerful one at that.* Allenova was one of the largest conglomerates in the Co-Prosperity sphere of worlds.

'03, Hath, checking in.'

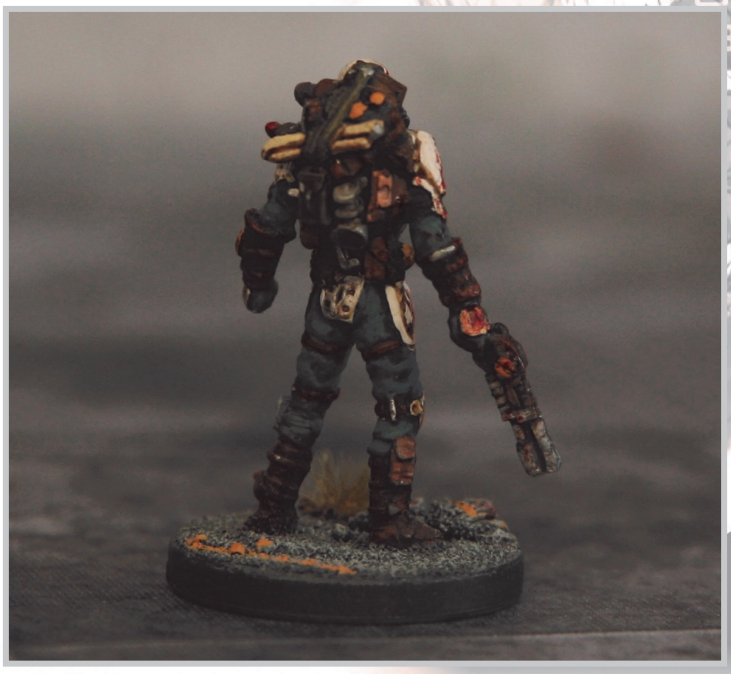
'04, Kallon, checking in.'

'05, Shiqar, checking in.'

'06, Rarkov, checking in.'

'07, Ings, checking in.'

Now their names were meaningless, no matter how powerful. They had become numbers in the Enforcer machine, and in the fading echo of each he heard the names and numbers of his former squad mates resounding through his skull, each akin to a bullet.



Deadzone Survivor Mercenary by Liam Markey

Deadzone Reb Teratons by Nicodemus Sandberg

Bang: One. Bang. Bang. Two, three.

Gamma Tau's Enforcer body count was three, and suddenly he was filled with a white-hot rage. *Annika will be the fourth,* he told himself. *The treachery would be paid in kind, in full.*

Celeste sensed a change in Rylor next to her. He had been deep in meditation, leaning on his rifle. Now he sat up straight against the shuttle wall, gripping his Genling tight.

Well, something's stirred him, she silently mused.

The Enforcer next to Kallon leant forward and lifted a hand to get Rylor's attention.

'What'd you reckon our chances are?' he said.

An accented voice: it was 03 who spoke, the Enforcer Hath.

Rylor leant forward and turned to look at Augustus. The Captain sat immobile, giving no indication of his thoughts. Seeing no reason to stop, Rylor continued.

'Depends what you mean,' he had to speak up over a sudden roar of engines. *We must be getting close*. 'Chances of what? Survival? Securing the artefact?'

'Chances of saving this planet.' Hath responded.

Celeste observed Rylor out of the periphery of her vision. She sensed his hesitation, and it spoke of calculation; he was weighing his words as he had done to her the first time they spoke.

Another roar of engines filled the silence.

'This is your first time fighting the Plague, isn't it?' Rylor eventually said.

'How'd you know that?' replied Hath.

'You don't get it, do you? Gamma Tau is already lost. The planet is dead. It was dead the moment patient zero turned. We're not here to save the planet. We're here to destroy it.'

'Destroy it? What'd you mean?'

'We go in, recover what we can, then we leave. Once we're done, so is Gamma Tau.'

'Then why the hell are we dropping in? Nuke the damned rock.'

'Council edict number one: Contain outbreak. Preserve infrastructure.'

'We've contained the damned outbreak! And it hasn't spread far beyond the Capital has it? We raze that, and everything inside it, and we've secured the rest of the planet!'

03 is an emotional one, considered Rylor. *His voice betrays him. Perhaps he has family here?*

'I presume Captain Augustus wants to know the why before the what.'

'And just what does that mean?' Hath said, looking from Rylor to the Captain and back.

Augustus remained silent.

'Why it happened, before what do we're going to do about it. We already know the answer to the second question, but before

Deadzone Enforcer Pathfinder and Plague Zombie by Paul Mullis

A fatal Deadzone ambush by Adam Morrow

we execute, we try to answer the first. If we can, maybe we can stop it happening again on another world. If we can't, well, it means some other populated rock will have to suffer the same fate before we get another chance at it. You got family out there?' Rylor nodded toward the window.

An insightful question, Celeste thought.

'Some,' Hath admitted. 'My brother's a mining contractor for the Razzak Corp. They were given a lease from Reiker when Gamma Tau first opened. We don't talk much, but last I heard he's still here.'

'Where?'

'He was based in Gamma Secundus. Forty-eight kilometre, as the shuttle flies.'

'Second largest city on the planet. I can see why you'd want this place saved. I'm from the Frontier myself.' Rylor smiled, but Hath couldn't see it. 'One of the reasons I became an Enforcer. There's no chance of something like this happening on a GCPS world. They've already been scoured. But the frontiers? There's a lot of scary shit out there we haven't got a clue about, and some of these poor bastards aren't so lucky.' He paused. 'And then some people, people like you and me, have family on these frontiers.'

'I always feared it could be my planet next,' said Hath. 'I never stopped to think about my brother's.'

'You have to stop thinking like that.' Rylor's tone had become cold.

'What'd you mean? Like what?'

'Like you're still a person. Like you have a family. Like you mean something. You're a number now, 03. And the sooner you realise that, the sooner you can operate the way an Enforcer is supposed to operate. Without mercy. Without fear. Without compassion. None of us get out alive. We're all already dead. The best thing you can do for your family now is forget them and be worthy of the title "Enforcer". Give them a good compensation for when you die.'

Hath's reply was slow, the sentence drawn out like the slow cut of a knife: 'You telling me how to do my job?'

The tension in the shuttle had become palpable.

'You're the one who asked,' said Rylor, and he leant back against the wall, indicating he conversation was over.

Deadzone Sergeant Howlett Mercenary by Chris Schlumpberger

Hath continued regardless.

'What right have you got to tell me what to do?' he said. 'You're not an officer –'

'But he is First Recon.' Celeste's voice stopped Hath in his tracks. 'And he has fought the Plague before, and you haven't. And besides,' she continued with mirth in her words, 'you *did* ask. Maybe you'd like to ask me something next, 03?'

Her challenge had the desired effect. The tension broke, and though it was not entirely absent, Celeste knew she now governed it.

'No, you're alright 02.'

'Funny that. And here was me, thinking you were so eager to talk.'

The authority that woman has over her fellow Enforcers is not solely born of rank; it is something more, observed Rylor as he settled back into his drifting thoughts. And though he knew so little about her, one thing reminded him desperately of Annika: *she's dangerous*.

* * *

The minutes after the exchange between Rylor and Hath passed in silence. Eventually the pilot's voice crackled over the speakers indicating they were only thirty seconds from drop. It had not been required. Each Enforcer had been subconsciously counting down the seconds until deployment.

Augustus was the first to rise. The light from the shuttle turned green, and as the side door opened, each Enforcer dropped several

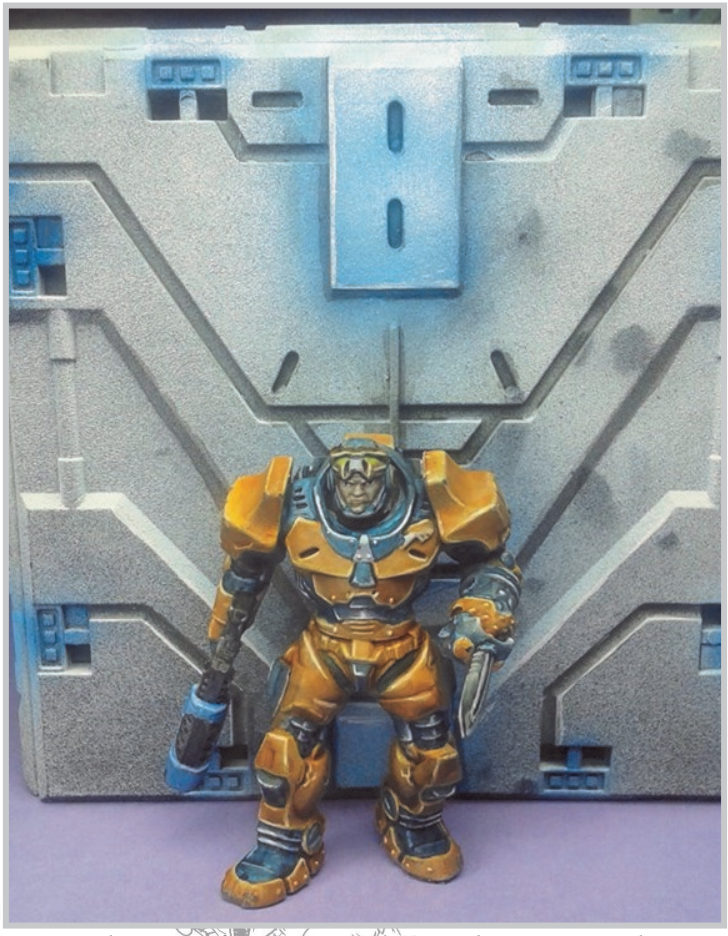
feet onto the soft turf below, their armored boots making a dull thump as the ground compacted beneath their sheer weight.

05 Shiqar and 03 Hath immediately took several steps forward and secured the area, kneeling low and sighting down their Genlings for any possible threats. They remained motionless as the rest of the squad filtered out behind them, each taking a compass point to observe as Augustus knelt and contacted Carthor and Voya, the sergeants designated to lead the second and third squads respectively.

The Stallion took off, gaining little altitude, roaring back the way it came. The Enforcers lay down, and began to play the waiting game.

Though Rylor performed his role with the finely drilled expertise of a decade of service, it was an out-of-body experience. He gripped his rifle Nemesis and sighted down its recon scope, slowing his breath to steady his aim. Though he knew he would not hesitate to fire should something move, doing this again, here, was surreal: Only two weeks standard time had it been since he was here last, and in that time his personal world had come crashing down with the speed of a bullet. *Or two, technically,* he thought.

He could not shake the sense of foreboding, this he accepted, but he could compartmentalise it. His own indifference surprised him. Only minutes before he had felt a white hot rage sudden and sharp like the lighting of a flare within him, possessing him. Now he felt nothing. The fire had turned to ash within.



Deadzone Enforcer Peacekeeper by Loic Boudoya

This was good. He could focus.

His breathing slowed further, an ever-reducing steady rhythm. His hands did not waver. His scope did not move.

He could hear Augustus behind him communicating with the other squads and he sensed that simultaneous coiling of relaxation and tension in the Enforcers about him; all were immobile, silent, but ready to unleash should a threat make itself visible.

There was no need.

The gently rolling turf of Gamma Tau spread out before them, rising away into hills which led into forests – or perhaps a great singular one, as far as the eye could see. They had set down behind an embankment and now

slithered to its top, the vantage point giving a panoramic view of the surrounding area. If Rylor could have still felt such things, he would have considered the surrounding scenery beautiful in its virgin innocence: nothing save the grass moved in an almost breathless wind. Once upon a time, he would have liked to bring Annika here. It was serene. It was peaceful.

Too peaceful. Whatever creatures had once lived here, whatever grass-dwelling mammals or birds, they had surely fled as the Plague had consumed the sentient life.

Even the animals know to avoid this place, Rylor told himself. *And we're meant to be an intelligent species.*

A young cream-yellow sun crested the horizon of greenery at their back, the forest several kilometres away stretching out around and above them into an unknown horizon. This was a young world, a valuable world, one that by all accounts held great riches in ore and mineral and yet had no indigenous threat – or so all had thought.

Light years from the death zone of worlds, and here we are, hunting another Artefact.

Rylor's bitter thoughts permeated his flesh, and he almost longed for a threat to make itself known so he would have the release of a kill.

He had denied death, but he would not deny another.

Deadzone Reb Sorak Swordspawn by Marcel Popik

Deadzone Plague Stage 3s by Matt Gilbert

It only lasted a moment, the emotion fading as quickly as it had risen. A pervading thought emerged in its wake: what possible ruins of civilisations lay under their feet? Each Artefact had been found on worlds where empires and risen and fallen, peoples who had reached their apex then faded into the long dark history of nothingness.

And Rylor thought: *this is what we all are to become. Nothingness.*

His breath crested the lips of his mouth, slow and silent. Still nothing made itself known in the vision of his scope.

The breeze picked up and the grass lay down before it in surrender.

Still nothing.

They were three kilometres from Gamma Prime: In the northern distance in an open valley lay the Capital. The tops of the towers could be seen from here, the morning sun catching them and lighting them akin to a metallic mirage – was it truly there? A promise of safety and civilisation, should one not have known the insidious threat of this world.

Yet from this distance, there was no denying Gamma Tau was peaceful. Far removed from life and home, from the stresses of so-called civilised life, with only the wind and sun for company, one could be truly alone here and would not want for anything. The necessities for life were all around.

But Rylor had seen the horrors this planet held. And despite the mocking neutrality of

the planet, the Enforcers had brought instruments of death.

The sun rose to the mid-morning height of its day-cycle. The low atmosphere shuttle, just out of sight beyond the drifting clouds, had reported little Plague movement. What infected was left in the city was still laying siege to the remaining bastions of armed civilians fighting for survival.

Augustus stood, satisfied that all the pieces were in place. Carthor and Voya had arrived and were now ready to approach from the western plain and the north-east ridge. Each Stallion shuttle had had to take convoluted routes to fly low and avoid detection, but each squad was now within the same distance. Augustus' calculations estimated a simultaneous time of arrival at Corp HQ should nothing go wrong.

Augustus uttered two words: 'move out', and his squad instantly rose in fluid gracefulness that belied their lethality. Where but a moment ago they had been lying in the grass to conceal their location, each Enforcer emerged with a deft swiftness into a crouched run, weapons poised.

They covered the kilometres between them and the city in a matter of minutes. Augustus had estimated forty minutes from their hilltop position to Corp HQ. While the open grassland would prove little effort for the power-assisted armor and military conditioning of the Enforcers, the block-by-block streets of Gamma Prime would have to be navigated carefully.

This thought dominated the Captain's mind as his squad approached the first habtainers, the grassland giving way to well-trodden mud and concrete.

This was how colonisation was done: entire small cites laid overnight in a strictly functional capacity, the blocks of habtainers forming the necessities for life and work to immediately begin. Between the cities and places of work were laid the roads, direct as possible. Mining equipment was deposited, a shuttle port formed, and if they should prove inhospitable, indigenous populations put down.

And thus man's civilisation grew amongst the stars.

Gamma Prime was the first and largest settlement of the planet. As per standard accelerated colonisation the city had grown

Deadzone Plague Stage 1 by "Toulouse Miniatures"

Deadzone Plague Zombies by Boris Samec

out from its habtainers into a latticework metropolis, each new layer built on the one before. Still at the core of many buildings were the standard cube habtainers acting as foundations, the newer constructs built upon them. As the city grew and new needs emerged, the habtainers were repurposed, rebuilt or removed entirely to make way for metal and glass as the larger interstellar ships finally arrived. In only a matter of years the end result was one of great height and blocks.

And as buildings grew in importance so did their height: at the heart of it all lay the Corporation HQ. The tower dominated the capital, casting its shadow across the lesser towers and habitats, lest any here forget whom they worked for.

The squad took slow, steady steps onto the first roads, empty now, save for abandoned vehicles. Their boots made soft crunching noises as loose gravel was crushed underneath the weight of the Enforcers. It was the only sound that broke the silence; from here even the sounds of the fighting that was occurring could not be heard.

Pray it stays that way, thought Augustus. *Silence is our friend and ally here.*

Augustus motioned and Rylor took point, several steps ahead of the squad. As the only one who had traversed these streets before, and as the specialist in reconnaissance, Augustus and the squad were relying on him – as much as any Enforcer relied on anyone but themselves – to lead them through as quickly and deftly as possible.

This was the way we tried to flee, the dark voice within Rylor spoke. *Augustus knows this. And now you re-enter willingly, mixing the past and future, though both end the same.*

The landscape of Gamma Prime was a harsh world removed from the calmness of the surrounding greenery. Rylor stepped the same steps he had before, and saw two cities: one was here and now, bones of a silent city, grey… and lifeless. A second was bloody crimson, filled with violence and hurt. One timeline flowed into him and the other from him and it was in his vision they converged as one.

The towers swallowed them as Rylor led them through the city streets, each Enforcer continually scanning the doorways and windows for any sign of threat. The signs of battle and death where all around: laser burns, blast marks, and black-red stains littered the streets.

No bodies, thought Rylor. *There are never any bodies. The Plague does not take captives.* And he was glad that should he die, his corpse would turn to ash inside his armor.

Though they would likely hear the Plague before they saw it, the animalistic nature of its intelligence would know when to be quiet, should the Enforcers tread too loud. The Plague understood the notion of "ambush", and the Enforcers were not on friendly soil.

The squad progressed deeper into Gamma Prime, their progress slow but silent. Augustus continued to maintain semi-regular contact with the shuttle above and Carthor and Voya's squads, and each reported the same thing: silence. Had not the shuttle confirmed that the Plague's activity was still focussed on the civilian resistance several blocks away, Augustus would have found the silence unsettling. As it was, he was grateful for it, and grimly acknowledged that Rylor was the superior point-man, and if Rylor felt concern he had not voiced it.

Deadzone Plague by "Boston Miniatures"

Deadzone Enforcer Defender by "C.M. Minis"

As it was, then, they were likely unseen.

The road here was blocked by an overturned transportation truck, which had spilled its load of labor supplies across the street, and Rylor led them through the broken floor-to-ceiling windows of the building. *Here is where the Sergeant died*, recalled Rylor as they passed through was could have once been a medical station of sorts, once-white walls and stainless steel giving a clinical impression. *His body and armor ash now; mixed with the ash of the planet of his demise.* He found the thought a coldly satisfying one. *Ashes and dust… ashes and dust*, and he dimly recalled a phrase from the Old Bible of Earth. *All we are is but ashes and dust… or something like that. But we are all to end.*

With that, he knew he would eventually lie with Annika one final time, but not in their marital bed.

They would lie together in the ground.

'We're here' Rylor said, and the squad fanned out behind him on the first floor of the southern-most building overlooking Corporation Square, the plaza before the tower. There was no mistaking that crystalline-glass building.

He had led them here as they waited for the other squads to make their way to the centre of the city. The squad quickly went about fortifying their position, using overturned tables and shelving as makeshift barricades while blocking lines of sight from the exterior. Whatever the structure's original purpose had been was unrecognisable now in the aftermath of the Plague outbreak.

Celeste watched the wraith-like movements of Rylor as he moved across the floor and lay vertical against the wall, looking out across the plaza. Whatever he thought or felt being here again, it had not affected his skillset – as he had promised. There was a surety of self in his actions, a confidence not born of arrogance but of an unshakeable self-belief in what he had been taught, and trained, and done.

And that confidence, Celeste further saw, contained violence. She saw it in the casual way he held his rifle. She saw it in the way he held himself. She even heard it in in the two words he spoke.

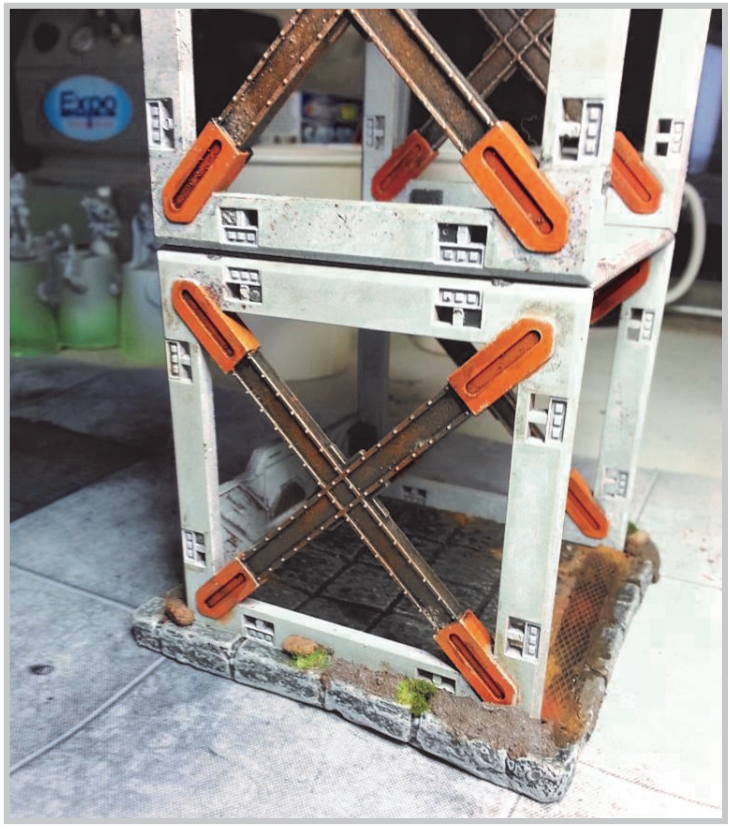
The squad settled down on the floor, taking positions at the windows and stairs above

and below, as Augustus made contact with the other Enforcers.

'Second squad has been delayed by a blocked route. They estimate a four-point-five minute delay. Third is in position, north-north-east,' said Augustus.

Rylor looked out and saw the likely building he would have chosen had he been Voya leading the third squad; the squat building to the right, low ceilings and high windows providing a strong barricade and commanding position over the plaza. And sure enough, as he looked across, he saw faint signs of movement within that another would likely have missed.

Celeste moved across to Rylor, joining him on the opposite side of the window. She looked out across the city, trying to envisage what it was he saw. 'I never asked you,' she said over comms, 'but 07, where did you find the Artefact?'



Deadzone terrain by Jamie O'Toole

'04 Annika discovered the Artefact in a laboratory facility approx one-point-five kilometres south-west of here' said Rylor, using Annika's name to differentiate her from the current number allocation. 'We had completed our objective, confirming the presence of Plague lifeforms but our drones reported a specific signal we knew to be the Artefact. Claiming it was an unmissable opportunity due to the uncommonly low number of Plague, 04 Annika suggested we retrieve the Artefact.

'I believe now it was part of her betrayal and planned all along. She was right, the Plague numbers were uncharacteristically low, but upon nearing the city limits we were set upon by an entire horde. 01 and 02 were killed almost immediately while 03, 04 and myself continued to attempt extraction. I was carrying the Artefact, and I'll admit I did not want to let it go now we had lost Enforcers. I wanted something to show for our body count.'

Celeste sensed an undercurrent of emotion beneath Rylor's response. She doubted whether any of the others heard it, save Augustus perhaps. She pressed onward.

'What exactly do you mean when you say, "planned all along?" You think Annika planned it the whole thing?'

Rylor looked at her sharply, saw only a mirror image of himself staring back: the stylised helmet of the Enforcers and the matte ice-blue of the eye lenses that made an Enforcer so impassive to behold.

'I know that you know exactly what I meant, Interrogator,' he said, though his tone belied the harshness of his words. 'And I believe that you are asking this, here and now, because now you have seen my actions in the field, you can probe deeper with your questions. You see now, truly, I'm not broken. Furthermore, I'm much more likely to reveal personal trauma at the site where it happened. Nevertheless, I will answer.'

His words were formal, as formal as they had ever been when he spoke to Celeste. Both knew the squad listened to their exchange, and not for the first time today, Rylor was once again at the centre of attention.

He continued: 'I believe that yes, the entire extraction may have been a set up. I do not know the how or the why of it. As hard as it is to believe what happened, did in fact happen, I believe my eyes. I know what I saw. We extracted the Artefact from the city before losing two First Recon. Not to some wandering horde, and not through our own lack of awareness. No, they were waiting, and took two lives almost immediately. Had it not been for our own skill, they would have killed another. And so we fled, outnumbered and outmatched, only to be turned on by our own.

'My opinion is this: what I saw was a clear path to the Artefact that ended in ambush and betrayal. The Plague attack thinned our numbers sufficiently to allow 04 Annika to finish the job. Had we lost two of our number before securing the Artefact, we would not have attempted to do so. It was not our objective. No, by allowing us to secure the Artefact and then losing it only once we had brought it to the edge of the

Deadzone Plague Stage 1 by Liam Markey

city, I believe we did someone else's task for them. We didn't even have a chance to recover ourselves after the attack and so, computing the most efficient course of action, we ran. Being able to look back now and consider all that occurred, it strikes me as odd that the Plague did not catch up. It was almost as if once enough of us were dead, the Plague did not want nor care to catch us. We were hounded into our shuttle, no time given to process what occurred or how, but not caught. And in all your years of service Interrogator, how many do you know who have outrun the infected in a running battle without superior firepower? I'll tell you my guess: One. Just me. And I am not a superior athlete to those who have fallen. Nor were my former squad mates.'

Silence reigned as all present processed his words.

Rylor turned back to his vigil across the plaza

as they waited for the other squads to take position.

He knows, thought Augustus, Rylor's words closely echoing his own report to High Command. *He knows he was allowed to recover the Artefact and then he was meant to die. An Enforcer become a puppet. But who pulled the strings? And why, if what Rylor suggests is true, that the Plague was contained or controlled enough to both set an ambush and then allow escape, did the perpetrators need an Enforcer squad to recover the Artefact in the first place?*

A voice was heard over the comm channel: 'In position. We await your direction, 01.' It was Carthor, speaking on open frequency to each squad.

'You ready?' said Celeste to Rylor, speaking this time off comms.

He did not meet her gaze as he replied: 'We've already had that conversation.'

'I suppose we have.'

To be continued...▪

Deadzone Enforcers versus Plague Zombies by Paul Mullis

HOW TO PAINT A PLAGUE STAGE 1

By Nicodemus Sandberg

Today we're going to go over how to paint your Deadzone and Warpath Plague Stage 1.

1. After a black primer, I paint everything with **Codex Grey.**
2. Skin is painted using **White Scar**.
3. After adding **Red Gore** details I wash it all with *very* watered down **Undercoat Black** (you could use any dark wash here instead if you wanted)
4. Add highlights to armor plates with **Kommando Khaki** (again, any bone color would work here too)

Colors Used:

- *Codex Grey*
- *White Scar*
- *Red Gore*
- *Kommando Khaki*
- *Jokaero Orange*
- *Iyanden Darksun*
- *Undercoat Black Wash*

5. Finish up by going over the skin again with white. Where the armor plates are too dark I add some grey. **Jokaero Orange** base with **Iyanden Darksun** pupils for the eyes. Add further highlights to bone with white where I feel its needed.

And you're done! Be sure to check out more of my stuff at www.Karadram.com▪

5.

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Primary games will all be played on Saturday the 22nd with an optional bout on Friday the 21st

If interested speak to your game store representative or email refugeesoftheoldeworlde@gmail.com or you can check us out on Facebook, just look up Refugees of the Olde Worlde KoW Tournament for updates and information.

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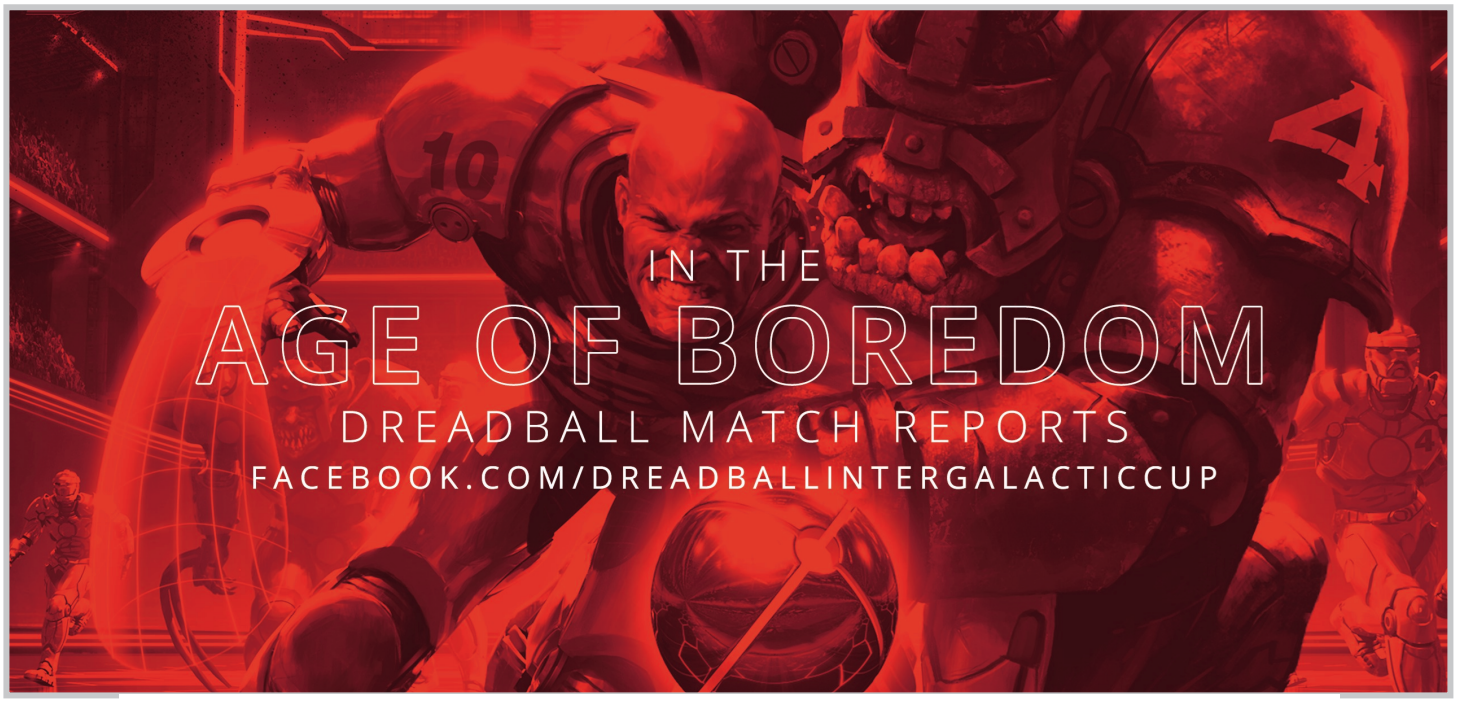

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